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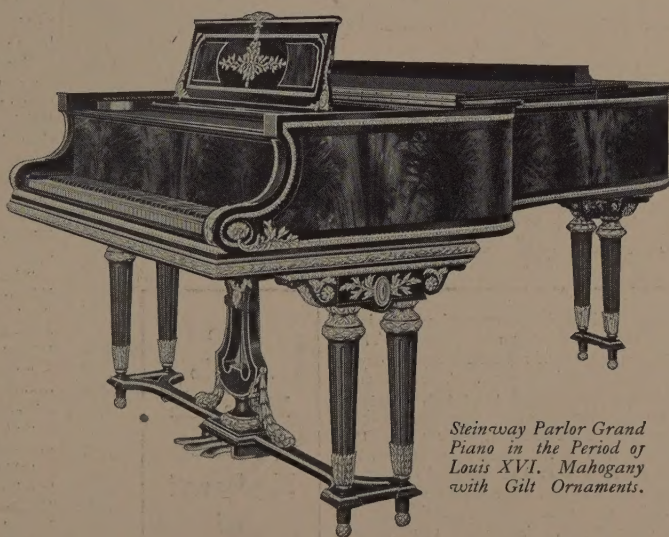
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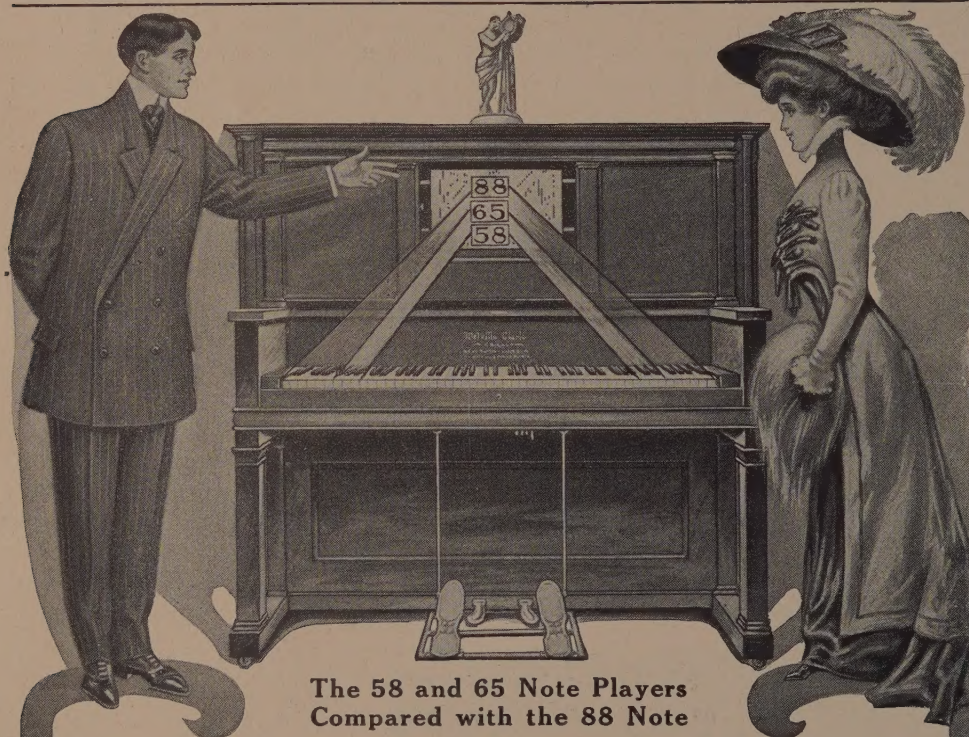
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## Mr. Hodge's Ride from Kokomo

"The Man from Home" came from home in his automobile. That is to say, from what he regards as a second home, for although a native of Rochester, New York, William T. Hodge, the young star at the Astor Theatre, has spent so much time in Indiana, where he has a number of friends, that it was not necessity for studying local color that sent him out there last summer. From the town of Kokomo—he is authority for the information that that metropolis is not too far from Indianapolis—he with a friend and the chauffeur started east in his automobile—a Haines touring car—and including one day that they rested, the journey took them but six days until New York was reached.

The most remarkable feature of the trip, and one which most of Mr. Hodge's automobile friends found difficulty in crediting, although it is absolutely true, lay in the fact that barring two punctures, one caused by running over a bottle, there was not a mishap to the machine.

"The roads were pretty bad, even for summer," said Mr. Hodge recently, in speaking of the trip. The foreigners who complained of them were quite right, but, although the weather was very hot, we did not feel the heat, for going as fast as we did, there was always a breeze. We used to start about half-past four in the morning and go on until about eight o'clock, when we would stop for breakfast, then go on, stopping for dinner, until it grew dark. The most exciting part of the Indiana trip was chasing pigs.

"Out in Indiana, you know, live stock are allowed to roam about loose, and if once a drove of pigs happens to take the road ahead of an automobile it means go on until the pigs are exhausted. They never turn out, simply run on and on, until finally, when utterly exhausted, they do turn slightly aside, and fall on their backs, feet up in the air, gasping. So we never killed any of them, only bumped them. Now, with chickens it is quite otherwise. If a chicken lives on one side of a road, and is many feet away on the other, the minute the machine appears nearby that chicken must cross the road. I learned to decapitate them quite neatly, remove the feathers, and leave them ready for cooking," said Mr. Hodge pleasantly and semi-truthfully. "I never felt any remorse about them, for they have to be eaten anyway."

"We met with a mishap not far from Auburn, N. Y., that might have been serious. It had been raining very hard for some hours, and the roads were in a dreadful state of stickiness. Finally, in a narrow part built up quite high, with a ditch on either side, the machine skidded and went into the ditch, at least three feet below the road. The wheels turned, but slipped in the mud, and we were fast. 'I don't know what you are going to do,' I said to my friend, 'but I am going to sit right here; I am not going to get out in that rain.' So we sat sheltered beneath the cover, smoking peacefully for perhaps an hour and a half. Then a farmer appeared in big rubber boots. He had seen our plight from his house, and asked if he should fetch his horses and haul us out. 'How much do you want?' said I. 'Oh, you can pay me what you think right,' he replied. With visions of extortionate charges, I insisted that he fix his own price. Finally, after much hemming and hawing, he asked: 'Do you think fifty cents would be too much?' I was almost overcome, and after he had safely pulled us up on the road again, I gave him a couple of dollars. The machine was not in the least hurt, and we were soon on our way again."

"Another funny thing happened out in Ohio. We were going along at a good speed, when suddenly an old, old man sprang up from a bench near the roadside and motioned for us to stop. We did so."

"Young man," said he sternly, 'what do you mean by going through a town at such a rate of speed?'

"Town?" said I. 'Where is it? I didn't know we were going through a town.'

"Young man," the veteran continued severely, 'perhaps you would like to go and see our mayor. Don't you think we haven't got one, for we have.'

"Do you think he would like a caller?" I asked flippantly.

"But the old man was quite determined. However, I finally pacified him, and he allowed us to continue our journey without further trouble."

"It was a great trip, and I enjoyed every bit of it," concluded Mr. Hodge. "If I am not playing all summer I mean to take my car over to Europe, and have a try on some of the roads over there."

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## Stage Anecdotes

Compiled from Various Sources by Will A. Page

An egotistical costumer at a large provincial theatre, after providing costumes for a new piece which did not meet with the approval of the leading tragedian, was heard to exclaim, "Hang these actors! They're the curse of the profession!"

Scene (in a theatrical agency).—An artist enters. "Well, sir, what can I do for you? What is your line of business?" "Low comedy, sir." "What parts are you up in?" "Hamlet, King Lear, Richelieu, Othello!" "Hold on, those are not low comedy parts." "Don't know if they are or not. All I know is, that I make the people laugh when I play in them."

Fanny Horton, a celebrated English actress, being hissed in her youth, had the boldness to come before the audience and ask, "Which do you dislike, my playing or my person?" "The playing! the playing!" was the cry from all sides. "Well, that consoles me," was the answer. "My playing may be bettered, but my person I cannot alter." She soon became the favorite of the public.

Barthe, the French dramatic author, was remarkable for selfishness. Calling upon a friend, whose opinion he wished to have on a new comedy, he found him in his last moments; but, notwithstanding, proposed to him to hear it read. "Consider," said the dying man, "I have not above an hour to live."—"Ay," replied Barthe, "but this will occupy only half the time."

When Ellen Tree, afterward Mrs. Charles Kean, was visiting France some years ago, one of the customs-house officers was proceeding to examine her trunk for contraband goods. "Contraband goods!" exclaimed a bystander. "Who ever heard of contraband goods in the trunk of a tree?" Of course, the joke was lost on the Frenchman, but Miss Tree laughed till she cried.

Some time back the play of "Hamlet" was being performed at a provincial theatre. In a scene with Polonius the crafty old courtier asks, "Do you know me, my lord?" and the Prince responds, "Excellent well; you are a fishmonger." On hearing this an old woman in the pit stood up, and, shaking her fist, shouted excitedly, "Well, and s'posin' he is—that's better than play-acting, any day!"

Jerrold observed to a brother dramatist—Mr. P——, who was not particularly remarkable for the originality of his plots—that he could never bear to go to the theatre on the first night of one of his own plays. Mr. P—— expressed much surprise. "Oh," said Jerrold, "it excites me too much." Mr. P—— assured him that he had never felt anything of the kind. "Ah! no," returned the wit. "but your pieces have been acted before."

When Macready was playing "Macbeth" in the provinces, the actor cast for the part of the Messenger in the last act was absent. So the stage manager sent a supernumerary on to speak the lines set down for the Messenger, viz.: "As I did stand my watch upon the hill, I looked toward Birnam, and, anon, methought the wood began to move." Macbeth: "Liar and slave!" Super.: "Pon my soul, Mr. Macready, they told me to say it."

Madame Suzanne Lagier, a good actress, but extremely stout, was one night enacting a part in a melodrama with Taillade, the original Pierre of "The Two Orphans," who had at one portion to carry her fainting off the stage. He tried with all his might to lift the fat heroine, but although she helped her little comrade by standing on tiptoe, in the usual manner, he was unable to move her an inch. At this juncture a boy in the gallery called out, "Take what you can, and come back for the rest!"

A great operatic "star" once gave her servant, a simple country-girl, a pass for the opera on a night when she appeared in one of her greatest parts. That evening the great prima donna surpassed herself; she was recalled time after time; the audience were wildly enthusiastic; almost every number was encoored. On returning home she wearily asked her maid how she had enjoyed the opera. "Well, the opera, ma'am, was fine; but I felt sorry for you," was the reply. "For me, child! And why?" "Well, ma'am," said the waiting-maid, "you did everything so badly that the people were always shouting and storming at you, and making you do it all over again."

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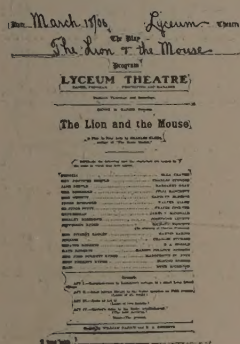
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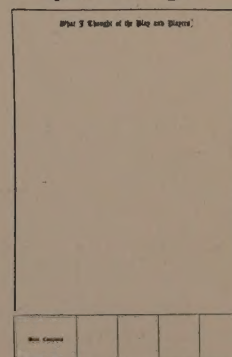
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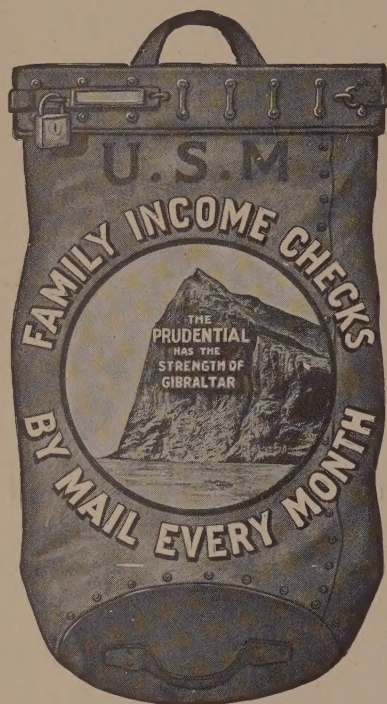
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Edited by ARTHUR HORNBLow

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# THE THEATRE

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Celeste.....Margaret Ross	

Fritzi Scheff is the vogue, and in "The Prima Donna" she has a new lease on public favor. The operetta is vitalized throughout by the presence of Fritzi Scheff, who, artistic to the finger tips, has a personality imbued with naturalness and unaffected by the artificiality of the element in which she moves. The type of comic opera of the day has drawn so far away from nature and common sense that any accidental simplicity in it is felt like a fresh breeze in an atmosphere overladen with impurities. For a good part of the time the story and the action of the operetta are human. What we see is about something and means something.

Athenee, the prima donna of the Opéra Comique, Paris, is making an automobile tour with her maid, and drops in at a café chantant, at Saint Germain. Herr Max Gundelfinger, known as "Old Pop," is rehearsing some of his singers for the evening's entertainment, and when a consumptive girl finds that her voice is not equal to the task before her, Athenee, who has been sitting there veiled, comes forward, tenderly consoles the weeping girl, presses a coin in her hand, sends her home and offers to take her place. "Old Pop" naturally has to try her voice. She selects a song written by a young lieutenant, and there begins the love story, a natural story, and not the comic opera foolishness. Previous to this we have been introduced to the frequenters of the café chantant, mainly soldiers in their uniforms, with their rollicking and boisterous pleasantries with the grisettes. The entertainment is given on the little stage of the café chantant. We have a dance by a nimble little girl, a song by a wheezy baritone, and then the song by Athenee, a vaudeville entertainment that is applauded by its double audience. The scene is carried out with all the details belonging to the Parisian life of the sort. Each performer descends from the stage and passes around the bowl for contributions. A certain lieutenant, Armand, Comte de Fontenac, attempts familiarities with the wandering prima donna, but is repulsed. Later on, when she is alone, he enters and makes insistent love to her, finally burning up a promissory

note of her father's for a considerable amount of borrowed money to prove the sincerity of his attentions. He is in his cups. It comes to violence between them, and she, lithe and full of pluck, slams him through a door into another room and locks him in. When the others rush on she unlocks the door, and after an explanation slashes him across the face with a glove and departs.

We recount all this as evidence that the operetta starts out with a story with some consistency, some action and some naturalness in it. It is unusual enough to be recorded, not because of the novelty of it, but because it is uncommon to-day in pieces of this kind. The apparition of it so suddenly is startling. Is opera going to get on solid ground again? The first act gave us hope. J. E. Sullivan, as "Old Pop," with all his exaggerations, was a figure from life, comical and human, a musician whose ear was tortured by false notes, and whose ingenuity was taxed to conduct his café chantant with decency. But in the second act all this simplicity and human nature and consistency vanish. It gets to be of the usual musical comedy order. The prima donna is won by the young lieutenant of the song in spite of an opposing mother, but it is all artifice. "What is his capacity?" some one inquires from an old baron. "About three quarts," is the answer. "I am sorry to hear your wife has run away with the chauffeur," remarks a dowager. "Oh, yes," he answers nonchalantly, "and he was such an excellent chauffeur." This is the mere trick of the modern librettist without a dramatic conscience. Sayings and doings of the kind, not called for in any way by any proper or consistent action, can be imported from all quarters and interjected to get laughter. They do not come from any natural source. They are the lichens that attach to dead wood. With these exceptions the opera is, for the most part, of the right sort in tendency. Its songs and music are pleasurable, and its Fritzi a delight.



EDDIE FOY AS MR. HAMLET OF BROADWAY

HACKETT. "SALVATION NELL." Play in three acts by Edward Sheldon. Produced November 17 with this cast:

Jim Platt.....Holbrook Blinn	Major Williams.....David Glasford
Sid J. McGovern.....W. T. Clarke	"Squirr" Kelly.....Eugene Reed
Kid Cummins.....Robert Evans	Al McGovern.....John Dillon
Chris. Johnson.....Thomas Carroll	Dr. Benedict.....Edwin Brewster
Jimmy Sanders.....Antrim Short	Baxter.....Robert Evans
Bradley.....Eugene Reed	Antonio.....Roxey Romeo
Nell Sanders.....Mrs. Fiske	Lieutenant O'Sullivan.....Mary Madison
Myrtle Odell.....Hope Latham	Susie Callahan.....Grace Shanley
Old Mary.....Mary Maddern	Mrs. Flanagan.....Leila Romer Tyler
Mabel Keeney.....Elsie Romaine	Sal.....Merle Maddern
Rosie Hubbell.....May Barton	



"Salvation Nell" is from the heart of the times. It is, first of all, a triumph of stage management and acting, the intelligence of its production far exceeding the meager expression of what it involves as contained in the text of the manuscript from which the play was built. This is obvious. There are many things in a play that do not depend upon the written word, and which cannot be expressed by it. The only way in which the uncommon realism of this play could have been obtained was by stage management. The bare-legged girls of the slums dancing about a hand organ might be suggested in description, in the text of the manuscript, but they had no real existence until the little folk had been trained for hours at rehearsal. Henry Arthur Jones saw the availability of the subject, but he departed from his true theme and failed with "The Evangelist." Otherwise here was a worldwide movement for the salvation of souls that had not really entered into the drama except in the way of detached episodes, as in "The Old Homestead," which took no cognizance of the serious side of it. Disposed as some of us may be to question some of the features of the Salvation Army, undoubtedly it harbors and sustains many souls that would be forlorn in the world proper, and that would be denied useful activity in the usual walks of life.

A scrubwoman in a barroom of a disreputable kind in a part of the city of New York where there is congested evil, is roughly and insultingly handled by a loafer, who is killed by her man in the brawl that follows. He is sent to the penitentiary. She comes under the influence of one of the Salvation Army workers and enlists with them. She is good at heart, seen to be so at once, faithful in her relations with the Bowery brute with whom she lives in the unwedded state. Is her character and condition unfit for the stage? We think not. Are the incidents seen in the barroom and in the areaways of the slums too gross for audiences? We think not. The intent is not to entertain us with the disagreeable or to make us acquainted with vice for our amusement. It is all incidental to the pity and sympathy which it should evoke.

Here is a woman climbing up from a life that seemed hopeless and lost. Hallelujah! Chastened joy will take the place of sorrow. Here is a side of humanity about us revealed to us and brought to the intelligent sympathy of some for the first time. The man returns from prison. She had not expected him to be released so soon, and was unprepared for him. He would force her to leave the Salvation Army and go with him far away, where they were unknown, to Denver, but for no good purpose. He had arranged for some genteel crime with money in it. She refuses. She has reason to believe that she is about to be the victim of his brutal nature enraged to the point of heedless crime. In this scene Mrs. Fiske acts with an intensity that is absolutely true to life. She will meet death if she must, but tremulous and timid, filled with womanly apprehensions, terror in her voice as she calls from the window, but undaunted resolution in her heart; we follow her movements in circling away from the brute with sympathy of a poignant kind for Salvation Nell. Every incident in this scene is full of reality. In the last act, in the crowded tenement quarter, with all the manifestations of tenement life on the fire escapes, the man returns. She refuses again to live with him. He is more considerate now. He still loves her in his way. We have the parade of the Salvation Army with its flag and drum and timbrels, and then the song and address to the crowd. It is Salvation Nell who speaks, simply and sincerely. The man bows his head contritely, and they come together again to lead a new life. Perhaps his change of conviction, habits of thought and character are not sufficiently worked out, but the play has its value, and in Salvation Nell it has a character that is as true to life as is possible on the stage.

SAVOY. "THE WINTER FEAST." Play in five acts by Charles Rann Kennedy. Produced November 30 with this cast:

Thorkel .....	Robert Cummings	Ufeig .....	Arthur Lewis
Valbrand .....	Frank Mills	Odd .....	Ben Field
Bjorn, Olaf .....	Walter Hampden	Swanhild .....	Gladys Wynne
Herdisa .....	Edith Wynne Mathison		

It is untrue to say that audiences are flippant, and that a play



White

ANNIE RUSSELL AND OSWALD YORKE  
In "The Stronger Sex" at Weber's

may be too good for them. There are no audiences of any kind that are not open-hearted to great and simple truths, emotions or what not, in the presence of real drama. If a play leaves you unmoved it is not a good play, it matters not how well written or by whom, for the purpose of a play is to move. It does not matter what the dramatist, however skilled or however lofty in purpose, may think of his own play, the audience determines its value. It does not matter what the actor thinks of the play, for his feeling is delusive because subjective. He may play with great emotion and weep real tears, but if the audience does not understand or does





JOSEPH C. SMITH AND LOUISE ALEXANDER

In their realistic underworld dance in "The Queen of the Moulin Rouge" at the Circle Theatre

not sympathize with what he is weeping about, his lachrymal ducts are performing an unnecessary service. An actor who drops a tear without the permission of an audience is impertinent and sometimes ridiculous. Audiences are always right. "They may like things, perhaps, which they shouldn't like, but they like them. They have their point of view, and that point of view has to be met. A play has no value of any kind when it can be understood and relished by only a select class of people. If only a few philosophical mortals and yearning souls should possess the key to the meaning, there is something wrong with the play, not with the public. If a play has any real significance, it does not have to be explained to anybody. Here we have a play, "The Winter Feast," written by a most capable dramatist, competently, and in parts superbly, acted, which does not touch the heart of its audience for a single moment. The theme and the moral of the play concern the baneful and far-reaching effect of a lie; but there is no truth in the subsequent proceedings after the utterance of the lie. It is not the lie which causes a series of murders, but the artifice and the zeal of the author for righteous didacticism. Mr. Kennedy is here not treading upon the firm ground of the twentieth century. His inspiration is purely the obsolete inspiration of a past literature. This adulation and romanticism about married women of mature years gained its ascendancy in literature with the troubadours who went around with harps or mandolins, ready with their romances of praise to pay

for their over-night lodging and food, with the housekeeper as professedly their highest ideal.

Miss Matthison has an impassioned invocation, at one point, delivered with consummate personal charm and authority of an artistic kind which would have brought the house to its feet if there had been any sympathy or common sense in her case. Certainly the play was picturesque and captured the eye. It was beautifully staged, excellently managed, and acted by people of uncommon force and skill; but Mr. Kennedy, with all his ability, has failed this time to drive his nail and clinch it on the other side.



MIMI AGUGLIA FERRAU

Leading woman of the Sicilian Players, recently seen at the Broadway

GARDEN. "MARY JANE'S PA."  
Comedy drama in three acts by Edith Ellis. Produced Dec. 3. The cast:  
Hiram Perkins.....Henry E. Dixey  
Rome Preston.....Emmet King  
Barrett Sheridan.....Morgan Coman  
Joel Skinner.....Hardee Kirkland  
Star Skinner.....John Junior  
Claud Whitcomb.....Horace Newman  
Linc Watkins.....Edward Chapman  
Eugene Merryfield.....Frank Bixby  
Lewellyn Green.....Augustin Daly Wilkes  
Portia Perkins.....Anna Sutherland  
Lucille Perkins.....Marjorie Wood  
Mary Jane Perkins.....Gretchen Hartman  
Ivy Wilcox.....Maud Earle  
Miss Faxon.....Alice Gilmore

There is a quaint idea in "Mary Jane's Pa" not handled firmly at all points, but affording some scenes that are perfect in workmanship and delightful in their conveyance to the audience. About a dozen years before the opening of the action Hiram Perkins, a villager, given more to poetical vagaries than to business, is seized with the desire to wander in strange lands, abandons his wife and two children, one unborn (the delightful Mary Jane), leaving his wife to make her own way. It is not entirely clear that he left her the means of doing so with the printing



shop which figures in the play. This point needs to be made clear, for if he went away as a worthless vagabond nothing can ever cure him, and he must remain without sympathy. Portia, his wife, prospers and conducts the village paper. At supper time, when the children have retired, the vagabond returns, at first unrecognized by his wife. This scene is complete in every detail. His comments on the food prepare us to believe that cooking is among his accomplishments. She has kept all definite knowledge from the children of her husband's abandonment of them. She was living in a town where her history was not known; she saw no way to receive him back, nor was she inclined to do so, but as he is about to close the door to take up his wandering again, she calls him back and they make arrangements that he was to remain, unknown, as a hired cook for the house.

Gossip soon begins. Portia is conducting a campaign in her paper against one of two rivals for public office, a rascally fellow. This man stirs up the gossip and finally brings a mob of the neighbors to drive her away and to destroy her printing press. The destruction of the printing press, however, is a separate incident. The politician has contrived to have the article which was to appear against him "pied" in the form. Hiram discovers the trick, resets the piece, and, with his wife, runs off the paper. The other politician wishes to marry her. Other incidents in the play show the growing love of Mary Jane for the hired man, her father, and a little story that he tells Mary Jane about the birds is a bit of fine feeling and fancy. He also prevents the elopement of his oldest daughter with an actor, finally discovering the worth of the young man and making sure of the happiness of the two. The secret of his identity is finally disclosed, and man and wife are fully reconciled. Village life is depicted with realism. The opportunity for much of this display is afforded by a street which runs past the house and along which the village conveyances pass, and also a procession with banners. The play is thrown together loosely, with a great deal of unnecessary incident and business and character, but with all its tendency toward the trickiness of the stage manager, it contains much that is substantial. The character of Portia, the woman of business, the loving mother, is firmly drawn and stands out as a real figure. In the hands of Miss Anna Sutherland it is admirable and compelling. Mr. Dixey plays



Photo Bangs

CHAUNCEY OLCOTT

In "Ragged Robin," new play by Rida Johnson Young and Rita Olcott

with his accustomed ease and quiet humor, but the character needs to be fortified by the author. The play will not stand a close analysis, but Miss Ellis has qualities which cannot be denied recognition. Mary Jane is played delightfully by Gretchen Hartman.

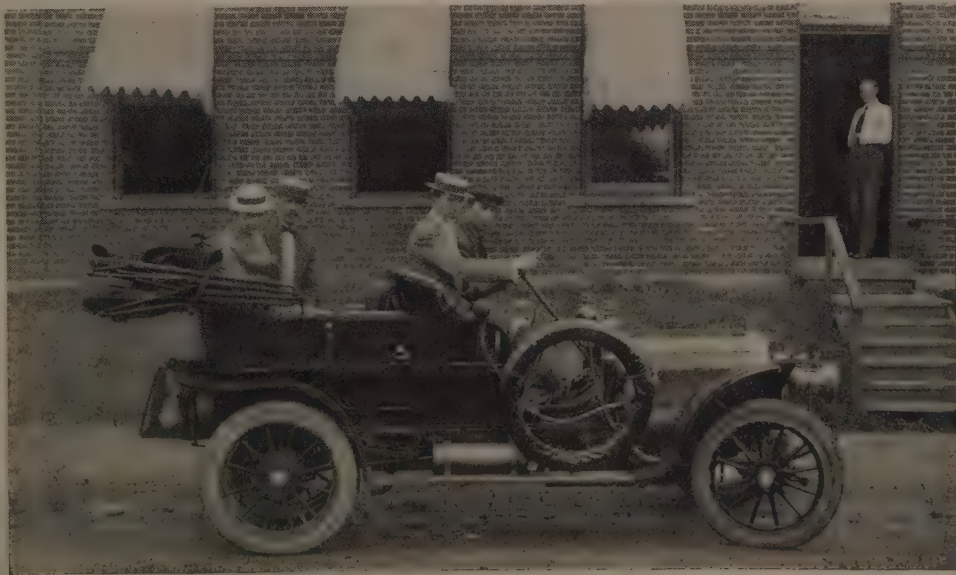
LYRIC. "THE BLUE MOUSE." Comedy in three acts, adapted by Clyde Fitch, from the German of Alex. Engel and Julius Horst. Produced Nov. 30, with this cast:

Paulette Divine.....	Mabel Barrison
Lewellyn.....	Harry Conor
Mrs. Lewellyn.....	Zelda Sears
Augustus Rollett.....	Jameson Lee Finney
Mrs. Rollett.....	Jane Laurel
Wallus.....	Charles Dickson
Philip Scarsdale.....	Alfred Hickman
Briston.....	John Emerson
Matterson.....	Newton Merrill
Purkiss.....	John Emerson
Moss.....	Clinton Maynard
The Old Boy.....	Franklin Hurleigh
Lizzie.....	Elizabeth Ariaans
Annie.....	Leonora Oakford

"Blue Mouse" might stand for almost anything, from a holiday extravaganza to a Goldfield mining claim. As a matter of fact, it is the title of a farcical frivolity, so full of painless laughter that that is almost all you need to know about it. The management, however, seem to have put Clyde Fitch's name on the playbill in much the same spirit that they tacked "comedy" upon the "farcical" characterization—to impart, even at the expense of veracity, an air of classy respectability. That name might lead one, perhaps, to expect more of "The Blue Mouse," as a play, than it fulfills. But any disappointment in this line is atoned for by a cast of Hoyt-ian excellence, including Mabel Barrison, Harry Conor, Zelda Sears, Jameson Lee Finney, Jane Laurel, Charles Dickson and Alfred Hickman. Indeed, if the piece recalls "A Trip to Chinatown," "A Black Sheep," etc., as some say it does, it is the players rather than the play that suggest such a reminiscence. "Blue Mouse" is the nickname of a vaudeville Salome dancer, Paulette Divine, who represents one more variant of that singularly unlikable stage type, the Chorus Lady. Miss Barrison makes her pretty and racy enough, in a cerulean sheath gown, to account for everything that happens; and it is not the actress' fault if Mr. Fitch, or somebody, puts in her kiss-inviting mouth such an incongruous line of talk as

"he has went," and "Gells like me wot has temp'ramunt." The story—well, one shudders to think what it must have been in the original German, when in the American adaptation it skates on such thin ice as this: Young Augustus Rollett is private secretary to Lewellyn, a railway president, and plots audaciously but successfully for promotion by interesting his too

(Continued on p. xi)



WILLIAM T. HODGE, THE "MAN FROM HOME"

Leaving the Haynes Factory at Kokomo, Ind., for his motor ride to New York to open his metropolitan engagement (See page ii)



# The Stars of To-morrow

Every now and again in Broadway productions some member of the cast hitherto unknown to fame makes a distinct individual hit. It may be only a bit, a small part which no one, not even the manager or author, expected would be noticed, and it was perhaps entrusted to a novice. Yet there is something in the way it is acted, a certain magnetism in the player that makes the audience instantly sit up and ask, "Who is she?" Many stars now heading their own companies laid the cornerstone of their popularity in this way. The THEATRE MAGAZINE will present each month, under this heading, brief personal sketches and portraits of those younger actresses and actors whose talents have won for them recognition on the current metropolitan stage.

WHEN Hope Latham bounced on the stage as Myrtle Odell in "Salvation Nell," she brought a laugh with her. She achieved that which is most difficult, extracted the humor from the life of a soiled woman. She strutted and coquetted, keeping always the repellent features of the woman's life subservient to her lively good humor. She had not been on the stage five minutes before the whisper passed about: "A hit. Who is she?" Hope Latham is the daughter of a prominent family, formerly of Toronto, Canada. The first seven years of her life were spent on a lonely ranch in Texas. Then she spent several years in a convent. At her native home, four years ago, she got the idea of going on the stage, and made her début with considerable success in a stock company in Springfield, Mass. Then followed a part in "The Woman in the Case," in which she

made a hit in Chicago. Her work attracted the attention of Charles Frohman, who engaged her for the French governess in "His House in Order." She was told that Mr. Frohman needed some one who could speak French, play a Chopin Nocturne and act. Miss Latham's re-engagement with John Drew was proof that she filled the requirements. In 1907-08 she played the part of the French baroness in "His Wife." During the past summer

she startled Philadelphia by a strong and realistic performance of "Sappho" with a local stock company and brought prosperity to an organization that had languished. It was as the dancer rival in the affections of the star's stage husband that Clara Palmer in "The Boys and Betty" made a hit so pronounced that a metropolitan firm immediately set to wooing her with promises of "being featured this season and starred next." It was as one of "Three Little Lambs" that Miss Palmer, a New York girl, was presented to a New York audience. It was apparent in these, her tyro days, that she was a graceful dancer, that she sang well, and that she had an engaging personality. She was the Patience Moore of that production at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, and when Miss Adele Ritchie became ill played her part. In "The Arabian Girl" she also was understudy for the star, this time Dorothy Morton, and again, as happens in the theatrical seesaw, the ill fortune of one was the good fortune of another. Miss Norton being ill, Miss Palmer acceptably played the stellar rôle. She joined the Rogers Brothers in their "The Rogers Brothers at Harvard." Her former companion in "Three Little Lambs" having burst into stellar prominence, Miss Palmer joined Marie Cahill's company in "Moonshine." She played the second woman's rôle in "The Boys and Betty." As have all successful actresses Miss Palmer has been a pupil in the school of hard work and has taken a supplementary course in the other school of hard knocks. She says that stock work in the South and West has knocked off all

her character and theatric angles, and that she comes to the metropolis with no undue protuberance of head or character. In private life Miss Palmer is the wife of Jacques Kruger, the actor. The hit made by Gretchen Hartman, the youngest member of "Mary Jane's Pa" company in the character of Mary Jane was a triumph of extreme naturalness. When a small child with a sweet smile and a heavy brown bang and a most intelligent method of reading her lines played a scene with Henry E. Dixey, in which she shared the honors and applause with that actor of many seasons and much skill, it was whispered by part of the audience to the rest: "That is the child who played Cosette in 'The Law and the Man.'" Gretchen Hartman made her début as Little Eva in a Chicago production of, "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Her first appearance in New York was with the all-star cast in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" at the Majestic Theatre. She was Little Eyolf in Oda's production of that Ibsen drama. She played Toto in "Zaza" in one of the summer stock companies, also a small boy in "The Quicksands." Engaged for "The Top o' the World," she suffered the humiliation of interference by the Gerry Society. Gretchen is still not as old as the part she plays in "Mary Jane's Pa," for Mary Jane is thirteen and Gretchen Hartman is but eleven. The child inherits dramatic gifts from her mother, a Scandinavian actress of experience. Though born in Chicago, the girl is of German and Scandinavian extraction. It was in part the intelligently repressed manner in which Miss Hale acted the rôle of Nell in "The Patriot," in part the winsome charm of her youth, and a third portion of surprise that she achieved so effectively the bridging of the distance between robustious musical comedy and refined farce, that proclaimed her work a most unusual success. A copy of the Wellesley *Legenda*, the journal of the famous girls' college, contains a tribute to the "pull" of Miss Helen Hale: "Miss Hale of Ohio, so she was known, pulled the stroke oar in the freshman crew. Miss Hale has often declared regarding her stage career that she wished she might have introduced at least her college 'pull' into it, but she found that push was the quality more needed." Directly from Wellesley went Miss Hale to the office of Col. Henry W. Savage. He engaged her for "Peggy from Paris." She appeared next in "Woodland," in which she played and incidentally sang "Jenny Wren." As the captain of the football team she won praise as "the chief feature of the musical comedy" from critics of discernment. She rose further in rank and in recognition when she joined "The Yankee Tourist."

As the principal of a girls' school in "Miss Innocence" Emma Janvier does that which George Arliss says is the most difficult thing in acting. She plays one part to the persons



EMMA JANVIER



HELEN HALE



GRETCHEN HARTMAN



CLARA PALMER



HOPE LATHAM



ZELDA SEARS





Act II. Hiram (Mr. Dixey) discovers the politician's trick and runs off the paper  
THE PRINTING SHOP SCENE IN "MARY JANE'S PA" AT THE GARDEN THEATRE

in the cast and another to the audience. An ideal guide for the gentle virgin of the Isle of Innocence, she betrays to her audience wide knowledge and sympathy with the wicked outside world, experience afterward dramatically disclosed by the assembling of half a dozen husbands with indications that the returns were not all in. It was a rôle within a rôle, and it made a distinct hit. Miss Janvier has risen from the ranks of the chorus. Her real name is Emma Spicer and she is a native New York girl. Her father was John W. Spicer, formerly a captain of the Seventh Regiment. Her grandfather was General Peter Spicer; and her uncle, William F. Spicer, was commander of the Boston Navy Yard. Her first engagement was with Frank Daniels in "The Wizard of the Nile," and then she appeared with Louis Mann in "All on Account of Eliza." This was Miss Janvier's first character part, and her success as the eccentric village gossip created a groove for her talents which the managers at once recognized. She was in "The Moth and the Flame," in the original production of "Ninety and Nine" and "Lovers' Lane," in "The Country Mouse" and "Vivian's Papas." Miss Janvier joined Richard Carle, appearing in "The Mayor of Tokio" and "A Spring Chicken." She then appeared in George Cohan's musical play, "Fifty Miles from Boston," and last summer she played a special engagement in Chicago in "The Top o' the World."

By clever injection of drollery into that never intrinsically funny rôle of the neglected wife, Zelda Sears as Mrs. Lewellyn has made a distinct hit in "The Blue Mouse." She had been borrowed from "Girls" for only four performances, rejoined the "Girls"

company, but was telegraphed for the next day to return at once, because "The Blue Mouse" could not get on without her. Some seasons ago a sharp-voiced, sharp-featured woman played the village spinster to the very heart and soul of narrow village life in "Lovers' Lane," and everyone said, "She has personality." No one knew her except Clyde Fitch, who answered, "She is a clever woman from the West," and went on writing eccentric comedy parts for her. She was entrusted with the rôle of the physical culture instructor in "The Mountain Climber," and again won popular approbation. In "The Truth" she played Mrs. Grespigny so well that her work was declared to be the most admirable acting in the cast. She next joined "Fifty Miles from Boston," and left the company to create a rôle in "Nearly a Hero."

As the susceptible spinster in "Girls" she helped to keep that Fitch comedy on Broadway for a year. Last month she was transferred to "The Blue Mouse," in which she is the eccentric wife of a railroad president. Miss Sears is of Italian-American parentage. She was born in a village in Michigan, where her father was the local editor. She learned while still in the pigtail and short skirt stage to set type and write paragraphs. She is also a master stenographer. One reason, aside from her cleverness, that Miss Sears succeeds so admirably in portraying Fitchian characters is that she believes them to exactly represent and reproduce life as she knows it. "They have all been so real that they seem more like women I have known and with whom I have lived than like parts I have played. They are all so consistently human that it is easy to successfully play them."



Otto Sarony Co. MARGUERITE CLARK  
Leading woman with De Wolf Hopper in "The Pied Piper"



# Charles Rann Kennedy and His Plays

"THE reason I love God so well is that He is so much like me." The small brilliant eyes narrowed to a merry brown slit in the full yet scholarly face. "I mean it. God does things as a dramatist would do them. Note in how small and quiet a way He begins His work, what 'preparation' He makes, and to what grand climaxes does He develop!"

The author of "The Servant in the House" and "A Winter Feast" has studied Deity as an abstraction, as a figure in theology, as an ideal of the human heart. That he "loves God" is a sufficient summary of his conclusions. It is the final goal of all sectarian roads. The proof of his sincerity is that reverent work "The Servant in the House," a serious play which has made one light-hearted city after another turn serious.

"I have been to school to" Sophocles, Shaw and the scene shifter, to Ibsen and Shakespeare and the property man, and I have learned equally from all of them," said Mr. Kennedy, as the leg swung over the armchair, and the cigar smoke curled in ceilingward, aspiring rings.

He tossed his head backward with the gesture of a boy, and laughed as a boy laughs. This man who wrote the most successful serious play of two decades has the spirit of eternal youth. Yet he is deep in a cycle of plays that shall comprehend all the passions of mankind, as Balzac's novels of the "Comédie Humaine." But the Kennedy cycle should be called the "Tragédie Humaine," for it is a circuit of seven plays including all the world's problems and all the world's pain. All will have but one scene and all be played by a cast of seven.

"The Servant in the House" is the depiction of the idea of love and truth in life that saves," he said of the play which is in its second sturdy year. "The Winter Feast" portrays the hate and lies in life that destroy. I had written that play first. I was playing the Doctor in 'Everyman,' and was with the company at a town called Geneva in this country. It was on a lake, and it was while I was walking along the shore of that lake that the thought of the play came to me as in a flash, a vision. It was a reflection of my own state of mind. I was thirty-three then—that was four years ago. I am thirty-seven now—and although I had always been of the opinion that no play worth while can be written by a man under forty, I was depressed and disgusted, and thought I should have made a better start toward one.

"I was beset by the hate and the lies that destroy. Suddenly

the idea of 'The Winter Feast' came to me as in a flash, a vision. I set to work upon it in its first stage. That is, I thought about it for two months and wrote at it for two months. I began writing it in January and finished it in March. January seems to be the psychological month for me. I began 'The Servant in the House' in January and finished it in June. My methods, I suppose, are

curious. For instance, I never write a scenario. If one does he must go back to it, go back and be restricted by it. It prevents the inspired and inspiring growth of a play under one's hands.

"A play does not come to one step by step. It comes, as I have said, in a flash, a sort of vision, but the development, of course, is in orderly sequence. I concern myself first with the psychology, then with the characters, last with the plot. The writing is the least important. Words are of little account. When in writing I find myself thinking about words, I know that I am writing badly.

"While I was writing 'The Servant in the House,' the church speech did not come easily. I had worked for days upon it. I found myself thinking about the words. I would go to bed at night lying to myself, saying, 'The speech reads well. No one can find fault with those words,' and even as I said 'words'

I knew I was lying. I knew I should not be thinking of the words. I have a bad verbal memory. I never can quote a passage from an author, but his argument I can grasp and hold. That, I thought, should be the test of the church speech. Its argument should be more powerful. The words should tickle my ears less. On a Friday I gave it up and went to town with a friend. We went to the park together and talked about everything except my play, principally about cricket. We drank a good deal of beer. I went home rested, refreshed. The next morning I awoke happy, and went at that speech, filled with the spirit of it, regardless of the words. I finished the speech that day as you hear it now."

A genial wave of his left hand toward the disarray of a desk, two tables and a bookcase. "I am busy now on the remaining five of the cycle of plays. The next will be 'The Idol Breaker.' The theme is freedom. Usually I am not hampered by objective vision of persons in plays. They hamper me. But in a shire town in England I came upon a model for my 'The Idol Breaker.' He was a smith, huge, strong, sullen. One felt the menace in his sleeping strength. He was the Samson type of man. Those wonderful words in Isaiah seemed written about him: 'Have I not



Hallen, N. Y.

CHARLES RANN KENNEDY  
Author of "The Winter Feast," "The Servant in the House," etc.



created the smith that blows upon the coals of fire and maketh himself a weapon for work? And have I not created the waster who destroys?" My smith I have made both.

"The fourth play will be about citizenship. I think I shall call it 'The Betrayers of Cities.' The betrayers are not the bad folk, the evil ones who prostitute their citizenship for gold. They are you and I, the indifferent ones, the men, we will say, who neglect to vote. It will be a play for the negligent ones. Another will have the family for its subject, showing that the supreme one, the woman, is still the one who does the dangerous and dirty work. Not a play of suffragettes, although I believe in them. I like the folk who make a noise, and I like the suffragettes for the noise they are making. One must make a noise to be heard. I will show in this play that the strong must protect the weak. So I will show that the family is the model of the State. I shall write a racial play."

"The assimilation of the races?"

"No, and yet you have by that question set another bee buzzing in my bonnet. Perhaps I shall. I shall treat, at any rate, the right relation of a nation to its dependencies, as England to India, and America to the Philippines. The last play will be one of religions. The scene will be laid on a tableland at the highest point in the world, in Thibet."

From the work to the man! The strong theological bent in his play was explained by the fact that he had studied for orders. "But when I was ready for orders I found that I could not conscientiously take them," was one of his reasons for being a dramatist instead of a preacher. "Perhaps it is as well that I preach in my own way," was the smiling summing up.

One of the forces that made of him a dramatist is the flowing



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EDITH WYNNE MATTHISON AS HERDISA IN "THE WINTER FEAST"

together of many streams of heredity, in all of which was a profound love for and a profound knowledge of the Greek drama.

"We all have it. A little fellow in our family knew twelve Euripidean plays when he was fourteen. I absorbed my knowledge of Greek, for I had no chance to study it. My father died when I was eleven, and the family were down, doorstep poor. I had to go to work at thirteen. I worked in a telegraph office and got the 'sack' for my socialistic sentiments. I eked out my income by coaching boys for the university, I who had never been and would never be a university student myself. I got a chance to walk on and off with Beerbohm Tree. Later I joined the Ben Greet company and toured the provinces. It was as a member of the 'Everyman' company that I came to America.

"It was while I was walking on and off with Beerbohm Tree that I married Miss Matthison. When we married we each had an engagement in prospect, but our actual income at the time was a guinea a week. Yet she has always said to me, 'Don't write what others tell you to. Write what seems to you right. We can peg along and wait.' She has wonderful taste, like the Greeks.

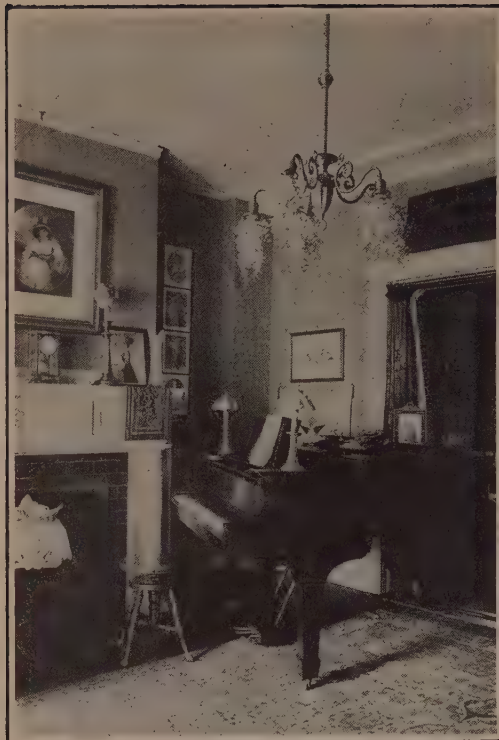
I trust it. When she says 'I won't speak that line,' eventually out it comes."

Mr. Kennedy's peroration took the form of advice to beginners in playwriting. "Watch life lovingly. No, that's too sentimental. Watch life sympathetically, and work like a demon at your technique."

When the elevator was reached Mr. Kennedy had resumed his "hammering out a Beethoven motif" that he would use in the new play. He was proving his assertion that when he worked upon his plays he worked with terrible intensity.

A. P.





MUSIC ROOM IN ETHEL JACKSON'S RESIDENCE, NEW YORK CITY

made up, aside from their actual working hours in the theatre, of one round of late suppers, where figure innumerable hot birds and cold bottles, is rudely demolished when by personal acquaintance one gets to know how much hard work a successful career on the stage means, and that the intimate intellectual life of the player is not, after all, vastly different from that of any other person of taste and refinement. Thus, while some actors are students of literature, collectors of rare editions, etc., others turn to painting and do work for which an artist need not blush. A large number also seek recreation in music. It has become quite usual nowadays for an actress to study singing, even if only for the development and perfection of her speaking voice. Many prominent players have handsomely appointed music rooms. They play on various instruments, especially the piano, with more than the usual amateur ability, and they number professional musicians among their closest friends. Hence it is that some of our leading players have music rooms that any professional musician might envy.

In her charming home at Ossining, Miss Blanche Bates, the heroine of "The Fighting Hope," has a most attractive music room. The actress is herself an accomplished musician. Her voice, a mezzo soprano, has been carefully cultivated, and in spite of the demands which her profession makes upon her, she is a good pianist as well. The grand piano is by no means for ornament alone. Miss Bates numbers many musicians among her close personal friends, and music is her chief recreation. She and Geraldine Farrar are great chums, and have a mutual admiration for each other. Last year Miss Far-



BLANCHE BATES' MUSIC ROOM IN HER HOUSE AT OSSINING, NEW YORK

## Stage Stars Who Are Music Lovers

THE old notion that the life of stage folk is

rar brought Miss Bates from Europe a chime of bells, which were, in fact, cow bells from Germany, and wonderfully sweet-toned.

Ethel Jackson, the late "Merry Widow," at present retired from the stage, since her recent marriage to a prominent lawyer, is another prominent stage favorite who is an excellent musician. When she was studying singing in Europe, the admirers of her beautiful voice hoped that she would adopt a grand opera career, and she studied quite as thoroughly as though that were to be her choice. But she did not confine herself to vocal music alone. She is an accomplished pianist, and not only was this of the greatest assistance to her in her stage work, but also it affords delightful recreation.

That David Warfield, the "Music Master," should be a musician off the stage as well as on it, would seem singularly appropriate, and those who delight to talk learnedly about auto-suggestion and the workings of the subconscious self might here find opportunity for developing an ingenious theory to the

effect that were this not the case, his interpretation of that rôle could not have been characterized by the same sympathetic insight and truth of perception. Mr. Warfield seemed the actual living person, the simple-minded musician, absorbed in his art, living in a world apart with it, but probably not many in the audience stopped to consider how far this was true of the man himself. Although he does not play upon any instrument, he has a wide knowledge of music and an intuitive feeling for the best. His favorite composer is Beethoven, but he is also partial to Grieg, Saint-Saëns and MacDowell. He finds in music not only a distraction but much enjoyment.

He, too, has a music room, with a Steinway grand, upon which he need not hesitate to ask any professional pianist to play. Indeed, the people



DAVID WARFIELD'S MUSIC ROOM IN HIS NEW YORK HOME



of the stage in this respect set an example which many society women might well follow.

Louis Mann has two other arts to which to turn for diversion from thoughts of the stage. Not only does he love music, but he paints in both oils and water colors. Mrs. Mann (Clara Lipman) also is an accomplished musician, and the actor delights in listening to his wife's playing. His taste is purely classical; he confesses that coon songs and ragtime have little fascination for him, although he does listen to them when performed by his little niece. In classic music his taste ranges from Wagner to Godard, Schumann, Schubert and Chaminade, with a great fondness for the music of our own MacDowell and Nevin, and for Grieg. As for Chopin, whose nocturnes are among those pieces which Mr. Mann finds most delightful after a busy day, he calls him "the king of piano music, the greatest of all." "I doubt if we shall ever see his like again," he remarked recently. That the music to which Mr. Mann listens in his home is of the best will be realized when it is known that among their intimate friends the Manns number such distinguished artists of the piano as Vladimir De Pachmann, Lhevinne, Safonoff and Joseph Hofmann. These four, as well as others, when in this city, are frequent visitors to the Manns' home, and all of them have often played for their appreciative hosts in that delightfully informal manner into which the most eminent musicians relax when alone with congenial associates.



MUSIC ROOM IN CLYDE FITCH'S ARTISTIC HOME, NEW YORK CITY



MUSIC ROOM IN LOUIS MANN'S RESIDENCE NEAR RIVERSIDE DRIVE, NEW YORK CITY

That the composer of innumerable successful comic operas would almost of necessity play the piano is perhaps to be expected, but probably few realize how much of a pianist the genial Victor Herbert is. The drawing room in his handsome home on the upper West Side is more like a music room than the usual drawing room. It is all in red—red walls, a Persian carpet in red tones on the floor. But the grand piano has the most prominent place in the room, and, although Mr. Herbert himself seldom plays on it, it is by no means unused. But upstairs on the third floor is Mr. Herbert's workroom. Here is the upright piano upon which he tries over new compositions, while his neglected 'cello stands mute in a corner. Here are the large writing table, the small high desk at which he sits or stands as he composes, according to his mood. Here are his medals, loving cups, and the innumerable souvenirs of his successful career.

Clyde Fitch, the popular playwright, is not a musician himself, but a most interested listener to music.

The opera form appeals to him most. He is an ardent admirer of Wagner and also delights in the modern French school. In his town house the exquisite drawing room, the walls of which are covered with rare tapestries, is well adapted to music. Mr. Fitch never gives musicales, but delights to gather musical people about him both here and in his country home in Connecticut.



VICTOR HERBERT'S MUSIC STUDIO IN HIS NEW YORK HOME

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# Mlle. Gerville-Reache—the Manhattan's Delilah

"THE greatest contralto since Alboni!" Thus wrote one Philadelphia critic after the first performance in that city of the Saint-Saëns opera oratorio "Samson and Delilah." This was only confirming the verdict of his New York confrères a few days before. Yet the enthusiastic comments of the press after the performance on the second night of the season at the Manhattan Opera House, their admiration of the singer's velvety voice, her magnetism, personal beauty and charm, her ability as an actress, and the remarkable tone effects which she produces with her beautiful organ, were no surprise to the discerning ones who heard her last season in the comparatively small rôles which usually fall to the lot of an operatic contralto. These had felt sure that when once the young singer should have the opportunity for which she pined, she would indeed astonish New York.

True, the critics had not been chary of praise for these same rôles, and at the Sunday evening concerts, when Mlle. Gerville-Réache sang arias from those operas in which she longed to appear, the audiences were always thrilled by her dramatic interpretations. But the music critic, worn out by his labors of the week, seldom attends Sunday concerts, and so her work in the Saint-Saëns opera seemed to come upon some of them as the discovery of a new and remarkable artist.

That this was not the case with all, is shown by the remark of one man after hearing her in the small rôle of the old mother in "Pelleas and Melisande" last winter. After this performance he remarked to a friend: "The woman who can interpret the reading of a letter as she has done is a true artist, and capable of anything." Incidentally, the same thing was said in Paris.

Mlle. Gerville-Réache does not come of a family of professional musicians. It was chiefly due to Calvé that she was ever allowed to adopt a stage career. Gifted with a beautiful voice, her parents were perfectly willing that she should cultivate it to the fullest, but with no thought of any professional aim. But when at sixteen some friend arranged for her to sing for Calvé, the latter threw her arms around the neck of the young girl's amazed and dignified father and cried: "She must go on the stage! With such a voice it would be a crime if she were prevented."

Mlle. Réache was born in the south of France. Her mother was Spanish, and from her the singer inherits her jet black hair, the lustrous, soft black eyes, and the pale yet warm complexion over which artists rave. Her actual vocal training was pursued under M. Criticos, a Greek living in Paris, and with whom Jean De Reszké has studied. Her three favorite rôles, which she has sung with remarkable success in Europe, are the mother in "The Prophet," Orfeo in Glück's opera "Orfeo e Eurydice," and

Delilah in the Saint-Saëns opera. Second only to these comes Carmen, in which rôle she appeared but a single time last season, but under circumstances which made it impossible to do herself justice. In the first two of these rôles she was coached by Mme. Viardot, who was noted for her interpretations of them and created the Meyerbeer one in many cities of Europe, having been

trained in it by the composer himself. Such an interest did the famous contralto take in her talented pupil that she spared no pains to insure her success. But Mme. Viardot was no believer in copying any interpretation, however admirable. Thus her efforts were devoted not to sending out a copy of herself in the rôle, but to develop the girl's own ideas, and when she finally threw her arms around Mlle. Gerville-Réache's neck and said, "Now go and sing it!" the young singer felt that this was praise indeed, and the results fully justified it. For the interpretation of the classic rôle of Orfeo, Mlle. Réache found her greatest inspiration in the wonderful old Greek statues of the Louvre. These she studied daily for many weeks for their classic poses, their broad, sweeping gestures.

In the Saint-Saëns rôle in which she appeared this season she was coached by the composer himself, and made a tremendous impression when she sang it in Brussels and Paris. In those cities as here, the critics waxed enthusiastic not only over her voice, her beauty, the picture of seductiveness which she presented to the eye, but over the remarkable variety of emotions expressed in her tones, in which were wooing tenderness, rage, scorn, hatred, all vividly portrayed, so that a blind person would not have needed to see her to understand the progress of the drama. As one man remarked after the performance at the Manhattan:

"I felt very sorry for poor Samson. Of course, it was all up with him from the first when Delilah appeared. Who could possibly resist her?"

Mlle. Réache has decided theories of her own about interpretation. She

does not believe in copying anyone, however fine an artist. Of Carmen, in which she was recently heard in Philadelphia, and which she hopes to sing again in New York, she has a conception based not only upon careful study of Prosper Mérimée's book, but also upon what her Spanish mother has had to tell her of the Spanish characteristics. Carmen, she insists, was a passionate, fickle creature, but not vulgar. She condemns all vulgarity on the stage.

"Just now I am very busy," remarked the young singer. "I lead a most serious life. Every morning I rise at seven-thirty, and, after my vocal practice, I go to the school of languages like any child, and have an English lesson. In the afternoon I study Italian and various Italian rôles. This, with my performances, rehearsals and going back and forth between New York and Philadelphia keeps me constantly occupied."

R. S.



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Mlle. GERVILLE-REACHE AS DELILAH





Copyright Davis & Eichenmeyer

MLLE. GERVILLE-REACHE AS GENEVIEVE IN DEBUSSY'S OPERA "PELLEAS AND MELISANDE"





From Sketch

RESTING



FAMOUS PLAYERS POSING FOR THE CINEMATOGRAPH  
At the Théâtre Français, Paris



SEEKING WARMTH

## The Moving Picture

**O** MAR KHAYYAN celebrates in his Rubaiyat the glories of "the moving finger," but, as yet, no poet has come to sing the praises of the wonderful moving picture. The metal cans which protect these snakelike coils of film may look commercial. Really they are crammed full of poetry, for each one of them contains an indestructible record of many expressed emotions, and more carefully embalmed are they than the Egyptian mummies. The mummy contains but skin and bones. These tins are packed full of life itself!

The primitive picture writing of the Egyptians is considered the most authentic of the ancient records. Future generations, to learn something of our present-day civilization, will have but to open up one of these cans, and before them on the screen will walk President Roosevelt, Pius X, the Czar, Edward VII, Tolstoi and other exalted ones of our times. Think, if only we of to-day possessed films enabling the cinematograph to throw on the screen lifelike portraits of Cæsar, Shakespeare, Napoleon, showing their every expression of face and characteristic of movement!

In this country the cinematograph has not yet the importance that it has abroad, nor has it reached the same degree of usefulness. With the exception of a few travelers, who use moving pictures to illustrate their lectures, the motion pictures shown in American theatres consist for the most part of cheap comic pieces or more or less mutilated versions of various plays, from Shakespeare to lurid melodrama. In Europe, however, the cinematograph has attained the dignity of a high art, particularly in Italy and France, where the most famous authors and players vie with

each other in furnishing materials for the films. Paris leads the way with a play "Le Retour d'Ulysse," written solely for the cinematograph by Jules Lemaître, a member of the French Academy, and acted by such well-known players as Mme. Bartet, Le Bargy, Paul Mounet, Albert Lambert, and Louis Delaunay. Among the other famous authors who have written scenarios for the same purpose are Victorien Sardou, Anatole France, Henry Lavedan, *et al.*

Although Thomas Edison has just had completed a special theatre costing \$100,000 for the taking of moving pictures, and although the stage director of the vitagraph studios, W. V. Ranous, formerly managed the younger Salvini, the cinematograph in America has not yet reached its proper place. The American film makers have gotten into the habit of thinking that, no matter how poor the actor's art may be, it is good enough for the purposes of "taking pictures"; and we have no authors of distinction who would bother to write plays for the film makers. It is suspected that most of the plays which are acted before the camera in this country are written by the "press agent" or "the business manager."

When, in 1896, the cinematograph was first exhibited at Keith's Union Square Theatre, it was regarded as simply another "experiment" in vaudeville. Instead of only a few hundred feet of film, there is to-day enough of this hurrying, spluttering substance to girdle the globe many, many times. One company turns out each week 2,000 feet of "new stuff," from which 250 prints sometimes are made. In New York City alone there are over 300 nickelodeons.



Copyright Vitagraph Company of America

ACTING A SCENE IN ONE OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS BEFORE THE MOVING PICTURE CAMERA

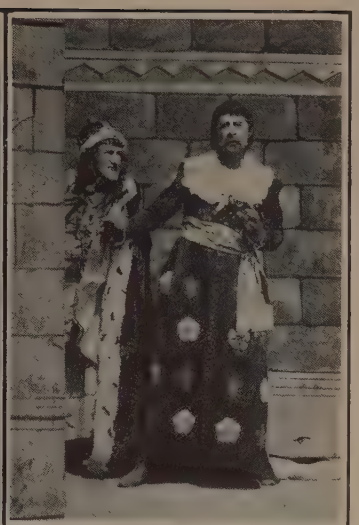




Copyright Vitagraph Company of America  
PRINCES IN THE TOWER



SENSATIONAL SMASHUP OF THE AUTO HEROINE



SCENE IN "KING RICHARD III"

The cinematograph seems to have reached its greatest development by the presentation of plays. All kinds of "pieces," from the ancient classic to the modern melodrama, are thrown on the screen with moving actors. Shakespeare's tragedies, modern dramas such as "Camille," and all the other choice bits of tender romanticism, are now being pictured by these fateful films. The cameraphone, which "books five weeks ahead," projects pictures which portray the whole of "The Mikado," and in addition the phonograph attachment simultaneously sings the score. "Pinafore" and "The Chimes of Normandy" are also acted and sung by this newer invention, which combines film and phone. The cameraphone also gives complete the play of "Quo Vadis?" the "spoken parts" as well as the moving pictures. Each film manufacturer has a well trained stock company, studios, carpenters, property men, wardrobes, etc. On a rainy day an "indoor" picture is taken: on a clear day an "outdoor" picture. To secure a more realistic setting, the company of actors sometimes goes up into the Maine woods, where they are compelled to "make up" in some nearby hut. Unfortunately, those actors who in America play before the camera are usually recruited from professionals who have failed in the "legitimate," or who have been unable to secure a city engagement. If the pay is poor the "season" is fifty-two weeks.

Although playing before an unresponsive camera is a good training school for "expression," it is a difficult task. The company at times has to perform in tights on an icy roadway, and on a midsummer's day they sometimes are compelled to act in full armor. As everything is

done in pantomime, the players must be acting all the time. This may account for the acute exaggerations noticeable in some films. No matter how hardened the actor is, he never escapes "camera fright," the first time he plays before the bull's eye of the machine. He gets no handclapping here, and there being nothing "spoken," he has no "lines" upon which to depend. But he gets at least one experience denied the majority of Broadway actors: he is able, later on, to see himself "as others see him."

When accepted, a manuscript is cut up into "pairs." Each film has to be staged. All the incidents in a moving picture have to be gone over, being "edited out" and "built up" precisely like a play. Scenes are then prepared. Sometimes there are forty to a picture. Costumes are secured and rehearsals begun. All the school children of New York City are familiar with the wonderful antics of the French comedian seen in so many of the Pathé films. And if his doings amuse the Gotham children, so also do they amuse the young people of Moscow and Tokio and Barcelona.

To convince even the boys who frequent the East Side nickelodeons, these pictures must have as much unity of action as a play. The suspense element also must be strong. If lovers are to quarrel before the camera, they must do so dramatically. Desiring to see exactly how these pictures are secured, the present writer took a trip out to Greenfield, L. I., where the Vitagraph Company has its studios. In the vast stockyard (which was littered with unfinished bits of scenery and "props"), actors and actresses half "made up" were scurrying about in all directions. Here was a



SCENE IN "THE MIKADO"



SCENE IN A DOMESTIC DRAMA



Courtesy American Mutoscope & Biograph Co.  
Melodrama

Comic

Comedy-drama

SCENES IN SOME OF THE PLAYS PRESENTED AND ACTED IN MOVING PICTURES





Courtesy J. Searle Dawley  
TAKING A PICTURE FOR THE EDISON KINETOSCOPE. NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE SCENE FOR A FILM ENTITLED "A TALE THE TICKER TOLD"

German soldier, and there a Roman patrician. There walked Cleopatra, and in a distant part of the grounds romped some elfins waiting for their fairy performance. After leaving the testing room, the troupe of actors, photographers and the writer jumped aboard some waiting autos, and hurried away to the scene where the auto heroine was to be hurled by the villains against an accommodating fence.

Arrived at the place, a very strenuous young man was seen running up and down the commonplace Long Island road, warning beer wagons from coming on the scene. He was "the honest mechanic" who in the film just witnessed had foiled the villains and guarded the heroine's machine. Strenuous as was this actor on the road, so "honest" was he in the picture, for though the auto spill had to be rehearsed a number of times, and each time he was compelled to grovel in real mud, yet he made no complaint.

"Another hoist, boys!" the manager bawled at the curious roadside aggregation, and heroes and villains forgot their pictured differences and got behind the heavy auto and righted it. In this "line," the actors are expected to lend a hand. Nor are the villains as deeply dyed as the spluttering pictures would lead the gentle spectator to suppose, for as they sat there in the grass they looked like two disillusionized rather than two wicked men. One of the actors chased a yellow dog off the road which insisted on being in the picture. The heavy man held up the butcher's boy for a

match, and another overdressed, overpainted actor was speculating with a farmer's wife (who, babe in arms, was leaning over the rustic gate) as to whether the oncoming tin peddler would prove another interruption.

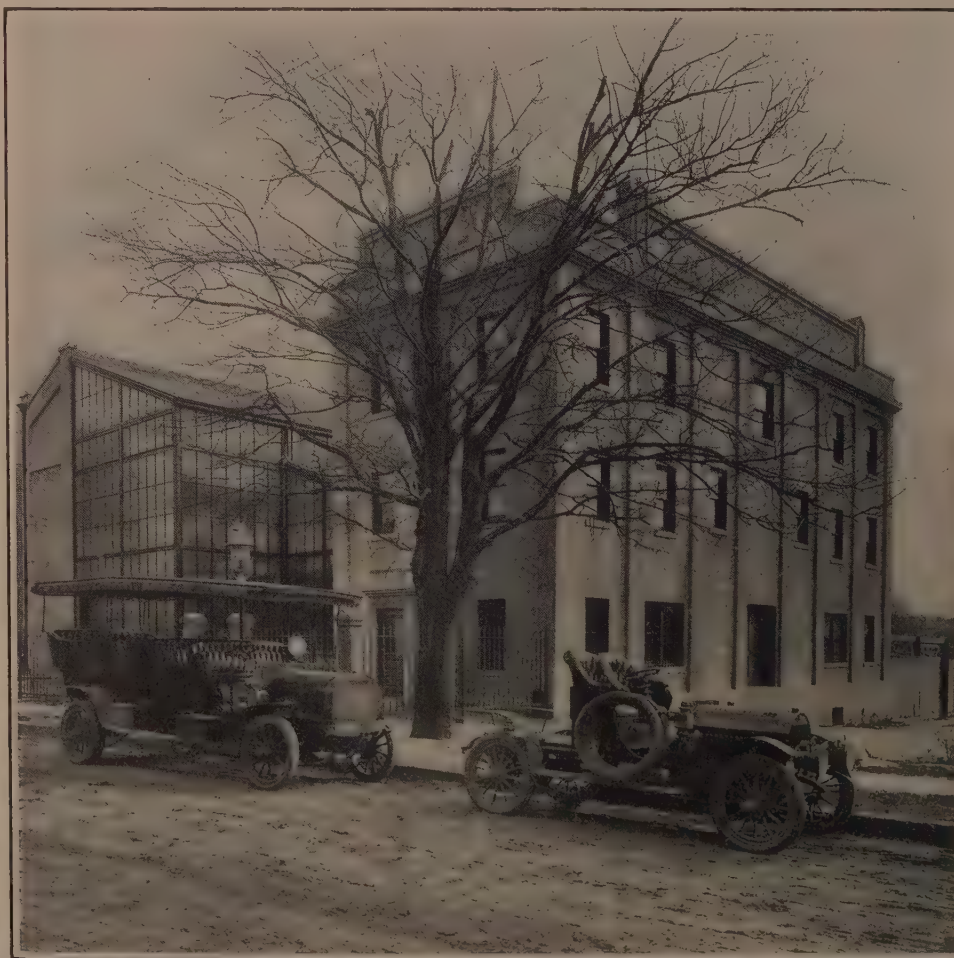
As soon as the fence was fixed so the auto could crash through it without injury to the auto heroine, the actress left the children with whom she had been playing at the roadside, leaped into the machine, and made the crash hurling "the honest mechanic" into the Long Island mud for the tenth time. On a platform, high up and behind the scene, stood the photographer, shouting out directions to them all to come into the picture.

Four years ago no one had ever heard of a nickelodeon. Now there is a kingdom of nickelodea! Every city and town to-day has its nickelodeon theatre decked out in plebeian splendor of gilt and white, screeching forth its welcome to every passerby. Three

hundred thousand children in New York City alone daily witness these fascinating pictures. Every day some store is being remade into another nickelodeon, for by their power to attract children these cinematographs have proven to be more wonderful than even "Aladdin's lamp."

The average cost of running a nickelodeon is about \$175 weekly. One of the largest exhibitors buys \$200 worth of film a week. A Philadelphia exhibitor pays \$30,000 ground rent, and the film business at the port of New York is over \$1,000,000 annually, and growing rapidly every year.

F. OPPENHEIMER.



Courtesy J. Searle Dawley  
EXTERIOR OF THE EDISON KINETOSCOPE STUDIO  
Erected in the Bronx at a cost of \$100,000 and said to be the largest and most completely equipped in the world





Photo by Moffett

MAUDE ADAMS AS MAGGIE WYLIE IN J. M. BARRIE'S NEW PLAY "WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS"



# Plays Worth Seeing—"The Fighting Hope"

"THE Fighting Hope," in which Miss Blanche Bates, supported by the Belasco company, is now appearing with much success at the Stuyvesant Theatre, New York, is a strong drama in three acts by William J. Hurlbut. The story has to do with the affairs of a bank—the Gotham Trust Company—which has been forced to suspend payment owing to the loss of \$700,000 arising from an over-certified cheque. The Grand Jury indicted Robert Granger, the cashier, who was tried and sent to prison for ten years. Public opinion believes the cashier's statement that Burton Temple, president of the Trust Company, had instructed him to over-certify the cheque, and there is a clamor for the indictment of Mr. Temple. Most active among those who are working for Granger's pardon is his wife, Anna, who, in order to get evidence, takes a place as stenographer in President Temple's home. Act I opens in the library of Burton Temple's house on the Hudson, near Ossining. Anna arrives at the house and is about to be introduced by the housekeeper to her new employer:



Photos Byron, N. Y.

"As there's a God to hear me, that man shall pay!"

MRS. MASON: You've never met Mr. Temple?

ANNA: No; he's been president of the Trust Company little more than a year and in that time I haven't been in town. (*Looking at photo*)

But I'm going to meet him now. I'm going to meet him and I'm going to fight him! (*With growing intensity*) That's what I'm here for! That's my one object in life now! He sent the father of my boys to prison! Branded them—disgraced them!

MRS. MASON: Anna! Sh—careful!! For Heaven's sake!

ANNA: Yes, I'll be careful. (*Looking around room*) He's very comfortable here, isn't he? It's nothing to him to ruin our home—spoil Robert's life—disgrace my boys—send them into the world dishonored—Oh, nothing to him—if he can save his name, his honor! But he shall suffer—he shall pay—I'll sit here and write his letters—my eyes on his secret thoughts! I'll do his bidding—my hands rifling his desk. I'll sneak, I'll lie, I'll thief, I'll watch him! Track him! Hound him! Every day—every hour—his shadow! Robert was in the prisoner's dock—he shall stand there! Robert's in stripes now—he shall wear them. He'll learn what it means to have an outraged mother spying at his side. As there's a God to hear me, that man shall pay!

(*She points at the photo as she ends, then sinks into chair near table, trembling from the outburst. Mrs. Mason comes to her.*)

MRS. MASON: Anna!

ANNA (*quietly*): Oh, Mrs. Mason, I wonder if you can understand all it means when my boys ask me where their father's gone—"When's papa coming home? Where is he?"—and I have to look into their little faces and lie to them. When they give me their morning kiss I lie to them. When they say their evening prayers I lie to them. I even let those little tots lie to God. And, oh, the questions they ask! And the worst is that soon the lies will do no good—they've got to know—at school they'll be taunted. Oh, my God!

(*A door closes off L.*)

MRS. MASON (*crossing to door L*): Quiet, dear. Someone's coming! (*Opening door a trifle and looking out*) Mr. Temple! (*She closes door and crosses to R. Temple enters L.*)

TEMPLE (*sitting R. of table*): Good afternoon, Mrs. Mason.

MRS. MASON: Good afternoon, Mr. Temple. (*Temple begins to open letters, not seeing Anna.*) Miss Dale, sir. (*Mrs. Mason exits R., leaving door a little open.*)

TEMPLE: Ah, Miss Dale. (*Continues opening letters*)

I believe you are a close friend of Mrs. Gorham, my secretary who has just left.

ANNA: Yes, sir.

TEMPLE: There will be a great deal of work required in this position, Miss Dale. No regular hours—on hand at all times. I have a fight on—a big fight that I must win—that you must help me win. I warn you the work will be extremely wearing. Will you be equal to it?

ANNA: Yes—oh yes—quite.

TEMPLE: Are you sure? You don't look as though—

ANNA: Oh, but I am—I am quite equal to any work you may ask of me, Mr. Temple. (*As Temple looks at her doubtfully*) At least you will give me a trial—please.

TEMPLE: I am sorry Miss Gorham was forced to leave me at this critical time. She was very capable and quick at her work and more than that, she was— If you take the position, Miss Dale, I trust—that is, your work will be absolutely confidential.

ANNA: Yes.

TEMPLE: Not a word must pass your lips to anyone, no matter who, of anything. You understand?

ANNA: I quite understand, Mr. Temple.

TEMPLE: Very well. Are you prepared to go to work at once?

ANNA: Yes, sir.

TEMPLE: You will receive my mail and open it—all of it. No, there is one communication I wish to remain private.

ANNA: Yes.

TEMPLE: Anything coming to me from the New York Detective Bureau you will hand to me unopened.

ANNA: I understand.

TEMPLE: I hope your work will prove satisfactory.

ANNA: I hope I shall do my duty. (*Craven enters L.*)

Craven (*speaking as he opens door*): I tell you Temple, I'm right. The time has come when your policy of silence should be changed.

TEMPLE: No.

(*Anna moves over to the fireplace and stands listening intently to the scene. The men appear to forget that she is in the room.*)

Craven: The papers are getting worse. Look at that stuff. (*Indicates papers. Temple shakes his head.*) Well, if you don't let me get this off my chest, there'll be some busted heads in New York. Now, let me put it to you once more in another form.

TEMPLE: Fire away.

Craven: I believe if you would send a straightforward statement to the papers—

TEMPLE: No—no—no!

Craven:—that the public feeling toward you would change. Now, I've got up this little statement—(*Temple casts a humorous glance at the paper*)—and it's my idea to send it as a letter over your signature. Hear it, at least.

TEMPLE: I'll listen. But you've got up so many little statements.

Craven (*dryly*): Thanks for your encouragement. (*Reads.*) In view of the public feeling against me in the Gotham Trust Company-Granger case, I wish to make a statement of the facts—

TEMPLE: Weak—weak! Dish-water!

Craven: Well, see if I haven't made it clear. (*Hands paper to Temple.*)

TEMPLE (*reading*): "Cornelius Brady and myself are co-trustees of an estate. Mr. Brady wrongfully made use of part of those trust funds, I by this act becoming equally responsible with him for making up the loss. At the time of the panic, Mr. Brady asked the Gotham Trust Company to certify a cheque to the amount of seven hundred thousand dollars. This I refused to do, as the Trust Company could not become responsible for Brady's cheque. Thereupon Brady went to the cashier, Robert Granger, and prevailed upon him to certify the cheque." (*Looks up. Speaks.*) Why that was all brought out at Granger's trial.

Craven: Go on to the next; that's the point.

TEMPLE (*reads*): "Since the trial and conviction of Granger, it has become known that Brady, my co-trustee, used that cheque to make good his unlawful appropriation of the fund of which he and I are trustees. Naturally, it appears that I profited equally with Brady in the use to which that cheque was put. It is because of my apparent profit from the cheque that I am supposed to have given the order to Granger to certify it." (*Looks up. Speaks.*) Fishy—fishy—I caught myself doubting that as I read it. (*Suddenly remembering Anna.*) Oh, Miss Dale, I beg your pardon. (*Turns and calls*) Mrs. Mason! Mrs. Mason!

MRS. MASON (*off stage*): Yes, sir.

TEMPLE: Will you come in for a moment, please?

MRS. MASON (*off stage*): Very well.

TEMPLE (*to Anna*): Mrs. Mason will show you to your room. You've met Mrs. Mason?

(*Mrs. Mason enters R.*)

ANNA: Mrs. Mason and I have met.

TEMPLE: Oh, Miss Dale, a good part of the time I shall want you to be up here. There will be some days when you will be free to go to your own home, but I shall want you, practically, to live here in this house. My mother is abroad just now—I'm sorry, but Mrs. Mason will make you comfortable in every way. Come down here again, please, when you have settled yourself, if you are not too tired.

ANNA: No, I'm not too tired.

TEMPLE: Good. I shall have some dictation.



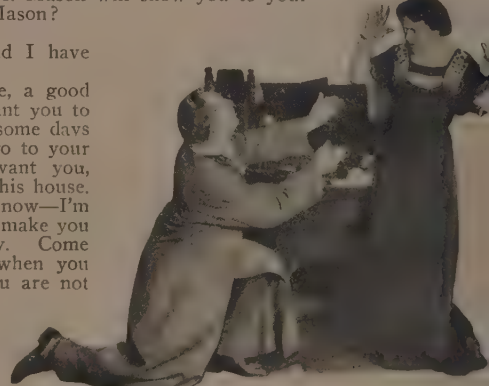
Anna becomes stenographer for Mr. Temple



Anna takes the incriminating letter from the safe



Anna confesses that she burned the letter



Granger begs his wife to save him





Byron, N. Y.

Act I. Nell: "Couldn't yer cut bein' loaded in work hours?"

MRS. FISKE AND HOLBROOK BLINN IN "SALVATION NELL" AT THE HACKETT THEATRE



(He gives a quick, courteous nod and turns. Anna exits R., followed by Mrs. Mason, who closes the door.)

Temple declares he will take no steps in his own defense until he finds some indisputable proof that Granger over-certified the cheque of his own free will. He insists that somewhere there exists a letter or cheque stub that will prove it. His detectives will find such evidence. Granger certainly did not over-certify the cheque without profiting in some way. He got the money, of course. If so, what did he do with it? He has a devoted wife, but probably spent it on some other woman. This they must find out. In Act II Temple learns that he is indicted. About the same time he receives from his detectives information, also an incriminating letter which they have found, showing that Granger received from the cheque transaction \$100,000, which he spent on another woman. Meantime, Temple is strongly attracted towards his new stenographer.

TEMPLE: We've got him! We've got him! (He throws back his head, drawing a deep breath of triumph.)

Craven: Yes, we've got Granger, and we've got you cleared! (They both drop into chairs near the table, panting and exhausted.)

TEMPLE (as he grows quieter): God, what a fool—what a fool the man was to put it in writing!

Craven (looking at letter): "October 17th"! Brady was in Cleveland at that time. That's why they wrote. And probably Granger wanted the agreement covered in writing, too.

TEMPLE: By the way, we shan't need that information now in regard to Granger's buying the N. Y. C. stock for the woman. Write to the Detective Bureau to-day and let them know it's not necessary to go farther looking up circumstantial evidence now we've got this.

(Indicates letter. Craven rises.)

Craven: I'll write to-day. Good God, but this letter's precious! It's your good name—your liberty! Think of it! Here!

(He has crossed to safe.)

TEMPLE (still sitting at table): And something more—

Craven: What more can there be? Fortunately it's not life and death.

TEMPLE: No, only love and happiness!

(Suddenly, in the reaction, he breaks down, almost sobbing, his head in his arms on the table. Craven goes to him and puts both hands on his shoulders.)

Craven: Oh, it's all right, old man. It's all right! Come, buck up Burton, it's all right! So there's—

TEMPLE (looking up): Yes, and I've had to seal my lips. I've had to stand by with red blood in my veins and tell her to wait—to wait! And now I can go to her and say "I love you—I love you—I want you!"

Craven (after a slight pause): Huh! A woman. Well, Temple, let us take our misfortunes singly. What we want now is to get after that crowd that's been after us, and give 'em hell! Here, look this up!

(Indicates letter. Temple rises and taking letter, goes to safe. He kneels but cannot remember the combination.)

TEMPLE: Miss Dale—call her, please, Craven.

Craven (goes to door): Miss Dale—Edgar, call Miss Dale. (As he goes back to Temple) Say, Temple, do I know her?

TEMPLE (at safe): God, Craven, in some other world you must have been a bat.

(Anna enters.)

ANNA: Well?

TEMPLE (rising): Miss Dale, I must trouble you to open this for me again.

(Anna goes to safe. As she gets up stage, she turns on the light. As Anna starts to open safe, Mrs. Mason enters with a legal paper in her hand.)

Mrs. MASON: Mr. Markley from Estabrook's office. He brought this, sir, and wishes to see you at once.

TEMPLE: What is it, Craven?

Sarony

CLARICE MAYNE

Young English actress who has had great success in American vaudeville houses with her songs and imitations. She made her début with Arnold Daly in the sketch entitled "Becoming an Editor"

Craven (taking paper from Mrs. Mason and glancing at it): An affidavit for you to sign.

TEMPLE: For me?

(Hands Granger's letter to Anna, and takes paper from Craven.) Miss Dale.

(Temple goes to table and proceeds to sign paper.)

Craven: Markley will take the acknowledgment.

(He turns and locks safe.)

(Exit Mrs. Mason.)

Craven: I tell you, Temple, it's a lucky thing we've got that letter in our hands!

TEMPLE (rising): Yes, the game's ours now.

(They both go towards door.)

Craven (as they exit): Granger would give his head for that letter, eh?

(They both laugh and exit.)

(Anna stands a second.)

ANNA (quietly but with suppressed emotion): Then I'll get it for you, Robert! I'll get it for you—get it for you! I'll clear you! I'll clear you!

(She looks at door, then backs to safe, crouches and unlocks it, leans forward, looking at door, then opens safe, looks at door again, reaches into the safe and takes out the letter.)

I've got it, boys! I've got it, boys!

(She moves on her knees to chair, leaning her elbows on it, opens letter and starts to read it joyfully. Slowly the contents dawn upon her. She can't realize it. Her face changes—she is stunned. She rises and backs to table, leaning against it—reads letter over again. As she comprehends the full significance of the letter, she stands rigid for a moment.) Oh, my God! (In a hollow voice.)

(Then with a stifled cry, she tears the letter, rushes to the fireplace, turns and gets a match from shelf.)

(She speaks under her breath.)

They shan't! They shan't! I'll save you!

(She fumbles with the match, finally lights it and sets fire to the letter. She goes to fireplace, and stands, trembling, the burning letter in her hand. As it consumes she drops it into the fender before the fireplace. She staggers up to safe, closes and locks it, and stands up trembling.)

My boys! My boys' father guilty! Guilty! Robert, you lied to me! Lied to me!

(With passion.)

You lied to me!

(She strikes her clenched fist on the chair near table, turns and leans against the lower end of table. Suddenly realizing that Temple is innocent.)

—and Temple (under her breath, scarcely audible)—Temple's innocent. What have I done?

TEMPLE (off stage): Edgar, call up my attorneys in New York—quick! quick!

(Anna suppresses a cry, staggers around back of table and collapses in the chair at her desk and Temple enters.)

TEMPLE: Miss Dale, Miss Dale, that letter which you just put away is the proof I've been praying for. For many reasons, I am to-day a very, very happy man.

(Phone rings. He turns, sits, and picks up phone.)

Hello. That you, Estabrook? This is Temple. I have the letter here, signed by Granger, which exonerates me absolutely—it clinches my innocence—yes, it's safe.

(Glances toward safe.)

I know it, old man—without it, how long? Ten years? Well, we'll fool them! Yes,

Markley's still here. Yes—yes, I've signed the affidavit. Markley's coming down with it. What's that? You want him to bring all the old memoranda of the case? All right. Goodbye.

(Puts down 'phone, takes keys from his pocket. Anna has listened intently to the 'phone conversation, trying to pull herself together.)

Miss Dale,—

(Hands keys to her without turning to her.)

—will you bring me the papers in the green bag, please?

ANNA: Mr. Temple, does everything depend on that letter?

TEMPLE: Everything.

(Anna gets bag out and starts to take out papers, standing at upper end of table.)

That letter is proof positive, and the only proof.

(Anna drops some papers and gives a little cry.)

TEMPLE: Why— (She recovers and picks up papers.)

ANNA: It seems terrible to have so much depend on one letter, doesn't it? Suppose that letter should be lost or accidentally destroyed?

TEMPLE: Well, fortunately that letter's locked up where it can't get lost or accidentally destroyed.





(Anna has crossed to her desk and sits.)

ANNA: But suppose—suppose I should by mistake—

TEMPLE: Well, you heard what Estabrook just said—ten years.

ANNA: Nothing could be done, Mr. Temple?

TEMPLE: Nothing. Why yes, you could go into court and testify you had destroyed it.

(Phone rings. Temple picks up 'phone.)

Hello. Yes—oh, Estabrook. Well, what is it? What's that you say? The District Attorney is on the wire—

(At the words District Attorney, Anna looks terrified.)

Wants to speak to me? Oh, is that you Mr.—yes—yes, sir. You want to see that letter—that letter of Granger's.

ANNA (rises, speaks under her breath): Oh, my God!

TEMPLE: To-night at your house? I'll bring it myself. Thank you, sir. Good-bye.

(Hangs up receiver. Anna has started to door.)

Miss Dale.

ANNA (at door in a deadly natural voice): Yes.

TEMPLE: Will you get me that letter from the safe?

ANNA (she has crossed to desk and pretends to be busy putting stamps on envelopes. Temple is looking over papers. Anna speaks in a natural tone.)

Now?

TEMPLE: Yes, I must catch the next train.

(Looks at his watch.)

(Anna nerves herself, and goes around end of table and up to safe. As she reaches the safe she gives a little cry and sinks to the floor.)

TEMPLE (rising and going to her solicitously): Why, what—

ANNA: I—I can't recall it—just now—my head is aching so—

TEMPLE (helping her to rise): Come to the window, the air—you've been working too hard.

ANNA: No, I think I must go to my room—

TEMPLE: Don't worry about getting the letter out. Wait till your head is better.

ANNA (unsteadily): Yes, I'll wait until my head is better—

(When she reaches the desk she staggers, then runs.)

I'll wait until my head is better!

(She exits quickly. Temple is alarmed. As she exits he goes quickly to the left calling.)

TEMPLE: Mrs. Mason, Mrs. Mason!

Act III is the evening of the same day. Anna is about to confess having taken the letter from the safe when Temple interrupts and asks her to be his wife. She is overwhelmed, and tells him all. Instead of being angry, Temple admires her pluck in fighting for her husband. Anna now knows that she too loves Temple, and that her burning the letter prevents him proving his innocence. She says she will go to court and swear she destroyed the letter, that it is her duty to save a guiltless man from dishonor. Suddenly, her husband Robert Granger appears upon the scene. He says he has been pardoned. Anna says she knows he is guilty and acquaints him with the burned letter, and that it is her duty to tell all. He says she can't send him back to prison, that if he stole it was for her. Temple's lawyer, Mr. Craven, arrives. Granger retires into an inner room and the lawyer tells Anna that he has a letter referring to the woman in the case. Anna asks for details, and the lawyer explains that the money Granger took was spent on one Rose Fanchon. Craven goes out, and Anna calls her husband in again:

ANNA: Robert, come out. Come here.

(Granger enters looking to see that Craven has gone, not noticing Anna's face and manner at the moment. She stands looking at him, repressed, the storm gathering in her face.)

ANNA (still quietly, but with stinging irony): For me—for me—you stole for me, didn't you?

GRANGER: Yes.

ANNA (with an outburst): Rose Fanchon! (Granger starts.)

(Anna continues, almost choking) For me!

GRANGER (realizing that she knows all): What?

ANNA (calm again): For me—the money to be paid to her—now to me. You need me now, so you are going to use it to buy your wife. You take the money from that woman and hand it to me. You kept the securities in your own control, ready to buy the woman you needed most, her—or me—or another!

GRANGER (fumbling with his words, ashamed to look her in the face) Well I—I want to apologize about—about Rose. You ought to understand about Rose Fanchon. You see she—well, I was wrong. (An idea strikes him.) Now, when I was up there (gesture towards prison), a man came to see me, and he said—of course, I just laughed at him—he said you were here—with Temple—living here with a single man, he said—well, I just laughed, of course. (He laughs a little, forcedly): I wouldn't let him see that I, well, that I believed it.

(Anna stares at him, her eyes growing wider and wider with the gradual comprehension of what he is insinuating.)

I won't say anything—I won't even ask how far it's gone, but if it's true, I'll overlook it—we're both of us—

(With a sickly attempt at a grin.)

Well, it'll be all right.

(Anna, at last realizing his dastardly meaning, grabs note-book from table and throws it at him, springs at him, and beating him on the head and shoulders with her clenched fists. He crouches before her.)

GRANGER: No, don't Anna—Anna—no, I—forgive me that—I—

ANNA (wildly to Mrs. Mason): You heard what he said! You heard what he called me!

(Mrs. Mason turns to fireplace.)



Byron

CHARLES J. ROSS AND BLANCHE RING

Prince Dandilo and Fonia in Joe Weber's travesty, "The Merry Widow and the Devil"





Otto Sarony Co. THAIS LAWTON  
Louisville, Kentucky, girl engaged as leading woman for Henry Miller



Otto Sarony Co. HARRIET BURT  
Playing the part of Millicent Madison in "Algeria" at the Chicago Opera House



Sarony MAUDE ODELL  
Playing Lucie in "Love Watches" at the Lyceum Theatre, New York

(Anna gets control of herself and backs to chair near table standing, leaning against chair.)

Get up. Stand up. I can't talk to a dog, and I've got to talk to you. I must pretend for a moment that you're a man. That's what I thought I married, but I married that thing! You know—you know—every drop of blood in my veins, every beat of my heart, every breath of my bosom has been for my boys and you. You know it. Now go.

GRANGER: No, hear me—

\* ANNA: Wait—listen to me. This matter depends on my testimony—it's in my hands—for me to go to court and tell about that letter and what was done with it or—

GRANGER (hoarsely): God—no—

ANNA: Or, not to tell.

GRANGER: You won't?

ANNA: Your disgrace or his. For a moment just now you conquered me—my pity. That moment I had determined to sacrifice him for you—you, because you are my boys' father.

GRANGER (eagerly): Anna!

ANNA: Be silent. I had come to that wicked, that unjust decision. It was wrong, but your weakness overcame me. Then you offered (coming close to him, both hands held in his face) to buy me—buy my sympathy with the money that had bought your harlot! Turn around and look me in the face if you can! Bargain with me to condone your sin—accept me as one with your Rose Fanchon!

(Losing control of herself.)

Take for granted that I have something to be bargained for—

(Walking up and down.)

Barter your children's mother's honor! You and your woman—I and my lover—we'll keep it quiet—we'll make a deal! Oh, God, what a thing you've made in your likeness and called a man!

GRANGER: Anna, hear me.

ANNA: No, no, no—I'm through—I'm done—I'm done. Why you couldn't even play fair with your bought woman either!

GRANGER: No, no, Anna, save me—don't—

ANNA: Save you? For what? For the boys' sake? No, I'd only give them a mother conniving at lies as well as a despicable father. No, I'll send you back to prison, and keep you there—I'll out with the truth.

Granger accuses her of throwing him over for Temple. He threatens to make a good story of it for the newspapers and to take her children away. Anna gasps horror-stricken, and Temple, who has come in, grabs him by the throat. Suddenly there is a whistle outside.

GRANGER: Oh, my God, can that be? Anna, save me!

ANNA: What?

GRANGER: I thought I was clear—I'd get away before they—I'm not pardoned—

(He opens his long coat, showing prison dress underneath.)

ANNA, TEMPLE and CRAVEN (together): Escaped!

GRANGER: Yes, I was a trusty. (He listens apprehensively to sounds outside. A short whistle near house.)

TEMPLE (at window): The police!

GRANGER: Listen, they're following me. They're following me. Mrs. Mason told me you were here. Every time I looked down here (Craven exits) from up there I was afraid. I knew you were hunting—hunting—I was afraid you'd find some proof of my guilt. My chance came to escape, I managed it. I had to come to you for help—money—and get you away with me out of the country. Then I'd found you'd turned against me. That's why I threatened you.

(Doorbell rings violently.)

I'm caught! Anna, for God's sake, hide me! Save me!

ANNA: Save you? No. I'll hand you over to the authorities. I'll call them this moment.

GRANGER: No, Anna!

(Craven enters.)

ANNA: Well?

CRAVEN: They're at the door asking for him. What shall I tell them?

ANNA: Tell them he's here.

GRANGER: No!

(Craven exits. Granger rushes to door and locks it.)

GRANGER: Anna, don't let them take me! For the children's sake—

(Anna does not answer.)

For the sake of the children, help me!

(A pause. Anna looks from Granger to Temple, who sees that she is undergoing her last struggle. He does not look at her, but goes to fire-

place, standing quietly, waiting for her to do as she will. She goes to door, opens it, indicates that Granger is free to go. He passes out, she follows, the lights in the hall go out, Anna re-enters. Goes to window and looks out. Suddenly she starts, rushes to the lamp in window, turns it out, then switches out the bracket lights in room. She turns slowly, steps up into the window again. As she steps up, a shot is heard off right. She gives one start, she waits, half turned to the room, her hand outstretched to the window. Craven is heard off left.)

CRAVEN: Temple! Temple!

(He rattles the door which is locked. Temple opens it and Craven enters.)

CRAVEN (quietly): That's the end of him. He's dead. It will be clear enough that with pardon at hand—or acquittal—he would never have tried to escape and ruin the one chance he had, except that he knew his guilt and feared the trial.

TEMPLE: Sh!

(A pause. Anna goes slowly from window to upper end of table, utterly unconscious of what she is doing. She moves to chair and sits.)

ANNA: Robert—poor Robert!

(Temple motions to Craven who exits, closing the door.)

ANNA (in a voice almost childlike. Barely audible): My boys—my boys—I want my boys!

TEMPLE (touching her shoulder): We'll get them.

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Marceau, Phila. CATHERINE COUNTISS  
Seen recently as Mrs. Howard Jeffries, Sr., in "The Third Degree"









Sarony

MARY BOLAND  
Playing Ethel in "Jack Straw"



Bangs

WALTER PERCIVAL  
Appearing as Franz in "The Golden Butterfly"



IRENE MOORE

Playing the leading rôle in "Blue Grass"

## Speeches That Made Great Stage Parts

"ROBERT, dear, Amy has come to the stream that separates a girl from womanhood, it is a dark stream and girls must pass over it alone, but to the other bank come their mothers calling to them how to cross. That's what mothers are for. Dead young mothers haunt that stream, Robert, waiting to see their child reappear at the age when she needs them most. I have thought so long of how I was to be within hail of my girl at this time to point out the sure stepping stones to her until she reached my side, my Amy—my child!"

Who that ever saw or heard Ethel Barrymore in "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire" remembers anything finer than her stirring delivery of this speech. It is said that it was this declamation that made Miss Barrymore enthusiastic about playing Alice Grey, despite the fact that Mr. Barrie had an older actress, Ellen Terry, in mind when he wrote the part.

It was the famous hunting speech—"there were forty horses in the field," etc.—that fired Charlotte Cushman with an enthusiasm to play Lady Gay Spanker in Dion Boucicault's "London Assurance." This speech, of ordinary fustian and rodomantade but capable of a vigorously eloquent delivery, is about all one remembers of the once very popular "London Assurance." A single speech, indeed, is often the making of a play. Mention any current play and the very title is apt to recall some stirring declamation that it contains. At the pivotal point in the play to give free fling to one's pen, is a growing habit with modern playwrights. Pinero's fondness and aptitude for this is too well known to call for illustration. His plays abound with examples. Often they are sheer tirades noisily obtruded into a serene environment, which makes them all the more dramatic, or they are entities in themselves quite apart from the main story, but always they are finely conceived and written and possible of tremendous effect when adequately delivered by the actor. Everybody remembers the fine gusto with which John Drew as Hilary Jessom in "His House in Order" carried off this typical specimen of Pinero declamation:

"When I was in Paris, in my early days in the diplomatic service, I used

to dine frequently in the house of a friend in the Rue de Chaillot, whose kitchen was presided over by a *chef* of a very remarkable talent. Talent! The fellow was a marvel! His *Oreilles d'Agneau* farcies were pronounced by elderly gourmets to be the equal of the great L'Hermite's; and I can never recall his *Canard en Chemise* without a sensation of mingled ecstasy and regret. His name—he is still alive and kicking—cooking—his name is Henri Maximilien Carolus Levasseur, and he is now the proprietor of the famous Restaurant Levasseur on the Boulevard de Sebastopol. You should treat my Lady to Paris oftener, Sir Daniel. The Maison Levasseur would reconcile you to both. Well, having spent some years in the Rue de Chaillot, the wonderful Henri determined to *risquer le tout pour le tout*—to launch out on his own account—and my friend, his master, was broken-hearted. However, a successor to Henri *had* to be found, and in due course a certain Adolphe was installed in his place. I am approaching the point, dear Ridgeley. The point is that Adolphe was an earnest, not unintelligent creature who might—who would—have ended by filling his predecessor's shoes with moderate success, but for the lack of—how shall I put it?—a little encouragement. Encouragement, sir. Don't we all need encouragement, in every department of life? *We're* pretty prosperous—we who are in this room; do we owe nothing to it? Didn't I come in for my share from my chief, in those old days, and wasn't my sleep the sounder for it? Doesn't Filmer get his pat-on-the-back to-day, for his leader? Is it of no help to him? Did you never hunger for a word of praise, Sir Daniel—aye, and receive it—during your period of stress and struggle; and in memory of that time have you never thrown a bone into the kennel of that promising young dog there? Caspita! I always swear in a foreign tongue, Miss Geraldine. Caspita! encouragement is the only grease for our wheels on this world's roads. Pity for the poor wretch from whom it is withheld, whether she fully deserves it or not. Did I say she? Well, women—God bless 'em—women need it as much—perhaps more—than men. Adolphe? Oh, *he* didn't get it. That's the point of the story, you know. Every effort of his was compared unfavorably with the achievements of the departed Henri. In vain would the unfortunate Adolphe prepare his *Oreilles d'Agneau*. They were tolerable; oh, yes, said my host, they had merit; but—they were not Henri's. The poor devil tried his hand at a *Canard en Chemise*. H'm! So—so; passable; but—you recollect Henri's! And so, day after day, week after week, the virtues of Monsieur Henri Maximilien Carolus Levasseur were hammered and dinned into the ears of the unhappy Adolphe until—ah, yes, that is the point of the story—until the luckless young man became desperate. Ha! It might have been yesterday. It was a *grande occasion*. We boys were to dine with my friend to meet the, then, newly appointed Russian Ambassador. The evening was warm and dry, and I walked from my lodgings to the Rue de Chaillot. The doors were opened by a couple of flunkeys with faces as white as Ridgeley's shirt-front. What d'ye think? At the last moment, Adolphe had put a charge of gunpowder into the *fourneau*—the kitchen range, you know—and had blown it to splinters. He was lying on the floor of the *cuisine* when I arrived, being attended by surgeons. Poor misunderstood, discouraged, defeated Adolphe! That's my story."





Old Shepherd (Herr Reiss)      Pedro (Herr Schmedes)      Sebastiano (Herr Feinhals)      Marta (Emmy Destinn)

(Prologue.) A landowner has taken a peasant girl for mistress. Later, he wants to marry and gets rid of his paramour by wedding her to a dull-witted shepherd



(Act I.) But the village gossips open the latter's eyes, and he is so enraged that he almost kills the woman. Meantime a change of feeling has come over the wife



(Act II.) Married against her will her hatred against her husband diminishes, and gradually she is filled with loathing for her old-time lover. When the peasant, resenting a fresh insult, stretches her seducer dead at her feet, she flees with him to the mountains

**Scenes in Eugen d'Albert's New Opera "Tiefland" at the Metropolitan Opera House**





Marceau, Phila.

MAY NAUDAIN

Recently seen as Elsa in "The Girls of Gottenberg" at the Knickerbocker



White

ISABEL D'ARMOND

Leading woman of "The Girl Question" touring the South



Marceau, Phila.

OLGA VON HATZFELDT

Who will star in a musical comedy "A Daughter of America"



Hall

LOUISE DRESSER

Recently seen as Clementine in "The Girls of Gottenberg" at the Knickerbocker

To be well done, the writer of such speeches must have at his finger tips three faculties—a true ear for word values—words that ring well and so carry well, a nimble vocabulary with which to ferret his way in and out of a shoal of cumulative ideas, a sense of restraint and a sense of the effect of momentum that

comes of the perfect building of a rhetorical climax. In W. Somerset Maugham's delightful comedy, "Lady Frederick," in which Miss Ethel Barrymore plays an Irish widow of about thirty or so, there are several choice morsels to declaim. Lady Frederick Berolles is in debt with everybody. She lives like a princess at Monte Carlo. She is an aristocratic pauper, cozening tradesmen to her heart's content, till they, having come savagely to demand their money, refuse to accept it when she offers payment (an offer she could not have carried out) and end by humbly apologizing for their incessant dunning. The young Marquis of Mereston has fallen in love with her, much to the dismay of his uncle, Paradine Fouldes, and his mother, Lady Mereston. Fouldes sets out to open the young man's eyes to his predicament in these words :

"Now let me give you a solemn warning. You have a magnificent chance, dear boy, with all the advantages of wealth and station. I beseech you not to throw them away by any exhibition of talent or ability. The field is clear and the British people are waiting for a leader. But remember that the British people like their leader dull. Capacity they mistrust, versatility they cannot bear, and wit they utterly abhor. Look at the fate of poor Lord Parnaby. His urbanity gained him the premiership but his brilliancy overthrew him. How could the fortunes of the nation be safe with a man whose speeches were pointed and sparkling, whose mind was so quick, so agile, that it reminded you of a fencer's play? Everybody is agreed that Lord Parnaby is flippant and unsubstantial; we doubt his principles, and we have grave fears about his morality. Take warning, my dear boy, take warning. Let the sprightly epigram never lighten the long periods of your speech nor the Attic salt flavor the roast beef of your conversation. Be careful that your metaphors show no imagination, and conceal your brains as you would a discreditable secret. Above all, if you have a sense of humor, crush it. Crush it."

Nothing of which avails—palpably Fouldes has the youngster on his hip, but his words of wisdom go in the ear of a nephew and out of that of a lover. It is only when Lady Frederick herself, with a cleverness Peg-Woffian in its Celtic brilliancy, disabuses the young man's fancy that the lad is rid of his love for her. Her device is as simple as it is effective—she merely shows him in her dressing room how much is art and how much nature in any woman's beauty. She says:

"Just at present I can make a decent enough show by taking infinite pains; and my hand's not so heavy that the innocent eyes of your sex can discover how much of me is due to art. But in ten years you'll be only thirty-two, and then, if I married you, my whole life would be a mortal struggle to preserve some semblance of youth. Haven't you seen those old hags who've never surrendered to Anno Domini, with their poor, thin, wrinkled cheeks covered with paint, and the dreadful wigs that hide a hairless pate? Rather cock-eyed, don't you know, and invariably flaxen. You've laughed at their ridiculous graces and you've been disgusted, too. Oh, I'm sorry for them, poor things. And I should become just like that, for I should never have the courage to let my hair be white so long as yours was brown. But if I don't marry, I can look forward to the white hairs fairly happily. The first I shall pluck out and the second I shall pluck out. But when the third comes, I'll give in, and I'll throw my rouge and my *poudre de ris* and my pencils into the fire."

So much can a skilful actor make of such speeches, because so very much do they contain of the whole play, that while voice, look and gesture may make up the sum of the actor's equipment, the greatest of these is voice. In her eyes charged with lightning, there was alarm and defiance; in her convulsive frame, rigid against the wall of the house where she was a guest, there was the terror of a woman at bay, but in her voice, rising in melodious tones and swelling in the successive cadences of a piercing yet musical wail, there was the very poignancy of anguish when Miss Barrymore as Nell Alderson in the play, "Her Sister," uttered these sentences:

"No, I didn't mean to say that! Why do you all look at me like this? It isn't fair! I don't know what I'm saying! You've had me on the rack for hours! You've hounded me with your suspicions, you've tortured me with your questions—is it any wonder I talk wildly? I'm only one woman against two men and a woman—and I've broken down. It's only natural. Oh, what shall I do?—what shall I do?"

The lines are in themselves commonplace enough, but it is the way in which Miss Barrymore said them that made them count. The great speech of a play is not unlike the final expression of the great theme of a symphony or of an opera. They are alike in method of introduction, development and culmination. First there is the bare idea in the opening scenes of the play, just as at the symphony you catch a faint suggestion of the motif among the strings in the first or second movement. Then the idea is amplified in the second or third act, just as the motif after the earlier movements travels from among the strings to the brasses in the rendition of a symphony. And finally the great idea culminates in one concentrated expression, which at a single utterance gives the sum of the play as completely and succinctly as when strings, brasses and woodwinds in one tremendous





Photo by Murillo, St. Louis

ROBERT MANTELL AS LOUIS XI

This season Mr. Mantell has added Irving's favorite rôle to his regular repertoire and as the wicked, crafty old French king is said to have scored a distinct triumph, especially in the death scene, which the Chicago press unanimously record as a brilliant achievement



harmony give a final rounded form to the theme of a symphony. For example, see how perfectly Henry Bernstein has told the whole story of "The Thief" in the appeal of the wife, Marie Louise. In one sweeping passage you have the first act, the marriage; the second act, the theft; and the last act, the forgiveness:

"When my best friend, Isabelle, married Raymond, I felt a great sorrow unknown until then. It wasn't envy! It was self-pity! I felt that I, who am neither beautiful nor rich like my friend, should never meet a man I should love and who would marry me, I should grow old all alone. I used to cry to think of it—really cry—a little every day. Then one day I fell in love. I fell in love with Raymond's best friend, a fascinating man to me, a kind of god, far out of my reach. Then I began to suffer really! I placed you so high, that I dared not raise my eyes towards you, that I wouldn't have told my love to any human being, that to myself I scarcely owned my folly. Then the impossible happened—

you loved me. At first I scarcely perceived it. Afterwards I didn't believe you. Such a hope was so far from me! During our engagement I lived in a dream—a delicious dream—with behind it a spectre—the fear that I should lose you again. Marriage came, and with it happiness unspeakable—but the spectre is always there, and it has never left me. It's the truth. For a year I have said to myself every minute of the day, 'I must keep my husband.' I knew the life you had led as a bachelor. I knew that you had been successful with women—beautiful and charming women with whom I couldn't compare, and so every day I set my teeth and said, 'I must keep my husband.' I didn't begin by doing wrong. At first I loyally tried to manage with our means. I went to small tradespeople, to Aline. Sometimes I thought myself nicely dressed; but when I came to compare myself with the women, with the different women we meet, who spend a lot on their clothes. I lost all joy and all confidence. How often I have watched you without your seeing! I have seen your eyes make comparisons in which I have suffered, and I realized that because of bad weapons I was fighting a losing battle. Absurd, perhaps—but Heavens, how real! How

I have suffered! You shrug your shoulders, but you're a man and won't understand. I suffered in silence for awhile and remained straight. My first beautiful gown was the cause of all the harm—it was a low-necked gown—a marvel, it was—Do you remember it? In a wilful moment I had ordered it in the Rue de la Paix. I first wore it at a dinner at the Hartmanns'. You were waiting for me in the small drawing room, ready to start. I presented myself before you, my heart leaping in my breast. You said nothing—you looked at me—you looked at me in the glass but you said nothing. Only at dinner you smiled at me, from time to time, a little sly, caressing smile, and I felt so proud, so buoyant, so happy! Things shone around me! We came home rather late; on the landing you took me in your arms and kissed me, and you murmured, 'Little Marise, I'm proud of you.' I was lost. You don't understand. A woman in love would understand me. Ah, do you see, a compliment to a woman in love, a compliment! It is heat which comes down, it makes your head swim, it is wine—one is intoxicated—I was lost. From that evening I would have nothing but the big dressmakers, nothing but the smartest frocks. Then, to be complete, I wanted beautiful underthings of lawn and lace, and ravishing hats. It became a mania, and it spread without ceasing—and the debts increased terribly. One morning in February Aline hunted me up; I told her my worries. She immediately promised to get me out of my difficulties. She knew an underlinen maker, a Madame Breton, who would take all my bills on her own account, both the old and the new. Of course, I was to give promissory notes to this person and pay her interest—and what interest!—and both of them, Madame Breton and Aline, arranged to send me very reasonable bills as a blind! I was to repay these women at leisure, as it suited me. But in a little time, my payments on account weren't sufficient for them. They began to press me, to worry me, to push me hard. God, if I only had thrown myself in your arms—I longed to—but the risk, Richard—think of it!—the torturing fear of losing your love. Then you must remember, in April you had complained of the fall of stocks and I should have had to make this confession at a bad moment! Anyway, I held my tongue, and a few days after our arrival here, just as I had received a terrifying telephone call, Isabelle, in front of me, carelessly threw some thousands of francs into her secretaire. Ten minutes later I was again passing the boudoir alone. On seeing the secretaire I felt a great shock inside. Almost without knowing what I was doing, I drew near, I pulled one of the handles, the drawer resisted—there was a paper knife lying on the table, and—my God! I—was lost! Richard, my love, my husband, forgive me, save me!"

The foregoing is a long and difficult speech, full of dangerous pitfalls. The slightest misstep means a false note, a single guffaw from out in front and the scene is ruined. The test of Margaret Illington's delivery, as well as the dramatic power in the lines themselves, was the profound silence that fell over the house at this critical moment in the play and which remained tense until the scene closed.

Of all stage speeches the kind most dreaded by the actor is the pathetic—where the aim is to grip tight the heart of the auditor and then let go quick when the depth of human emotion is sounded. But not until the curtain has rung down for the last time on the last act can an actor tell how such a speech will "go" with the audience. It may have a perfect dignity; genuine pathos; it may be a page torn straight out of real life; none of these reasons will save a pathetic speech from a laugh if it is not handled with scrupulous care by the player. In the slender genre piece, "The Likes o' Me," Miss Doris Keane had to deliver this speech in cockney dialect:

"Where is 'ee?—my pal! I'll tell yer. 'Ee was lame, yer see; they dropped 'um once afore 'ee begun to walk. 'Ee used to drag 'is leg after 'im like this eer. 'Ee couldn't get out o' the way o' things. I knowed as 'eed cop it sometime. 'Ee got run over by a motor. They let me go into the 'ospital cos I was waitin' about the outside, d'yer see; and 'ee kep askin' 'Where's Billy?' 'Ee kep on askin' 'Where's Billy?' Just like that. And when I come up to the bed, the nurse says 'Ere!' 'Don't you cry, Billy,' she says; 'd'yer 'ear?' Cos I was cryin' a bit, you see, and 'ee 'eard 'er and 'ee says, 'No!' 'ee says, 'don't you cry, Billy,' 'ee says. 'I feel quite comfortable, 'ee says. 'Is back was broke, you see, so 'ee didn't feel nothin'."

Not every actress could as skilfully bridge this hiatus between these wholly contradictory statements—"I feel quite comfortable"—and "'Is back was broke!" Delivered by a player less expert than Miss Keane the passages might have provoked a dangerous laugh.

Not so many years ago long speeches were mortally feared by actors and stage managers in America as digressions that would not be tolerated by audiences. The saying was "break up that speech"—and a choice whole would be broken into fragments and distributed among several actors. That was a serious handicap to the playwright. It limited his scope and deprived him of a central opportunity for emphasis, and narrowed his play down to a display of physical rather than mental

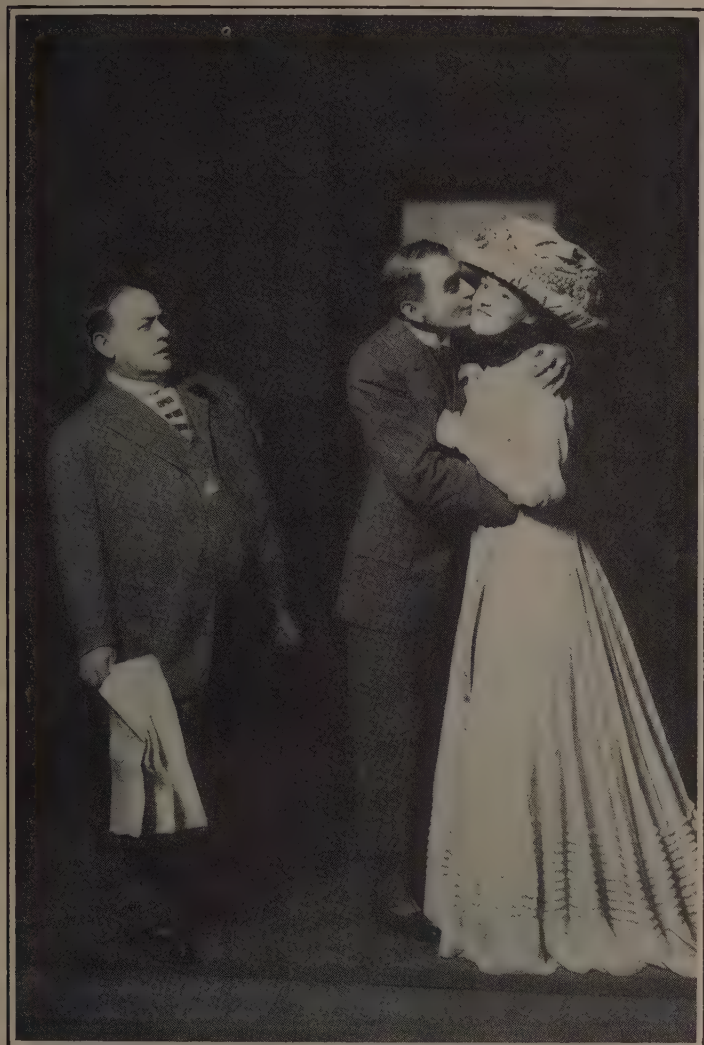


Hall

LULU GLASER IN "MLLE. MISCHIEF" AT THE CASINO



# Scenes in "The Blue Mouse" at the Lyric Theatre



Harry Conor      Jameson Lee Finney      Jane Laurel

ACT I. LEWELLYN (MR. CONOR) INTERRUPTS ROLLETT KISSING MRS. ROLLETT, WHOM HE BELIEVES TO BE THE BLUE MOUSE



Mabel Barrison      Harry Conor

ACT II. PAULETTE MAKES LEWELLYN WRITE THE LETTER APPOINTING ROLLETT DIVISION SUPERINTENDENT

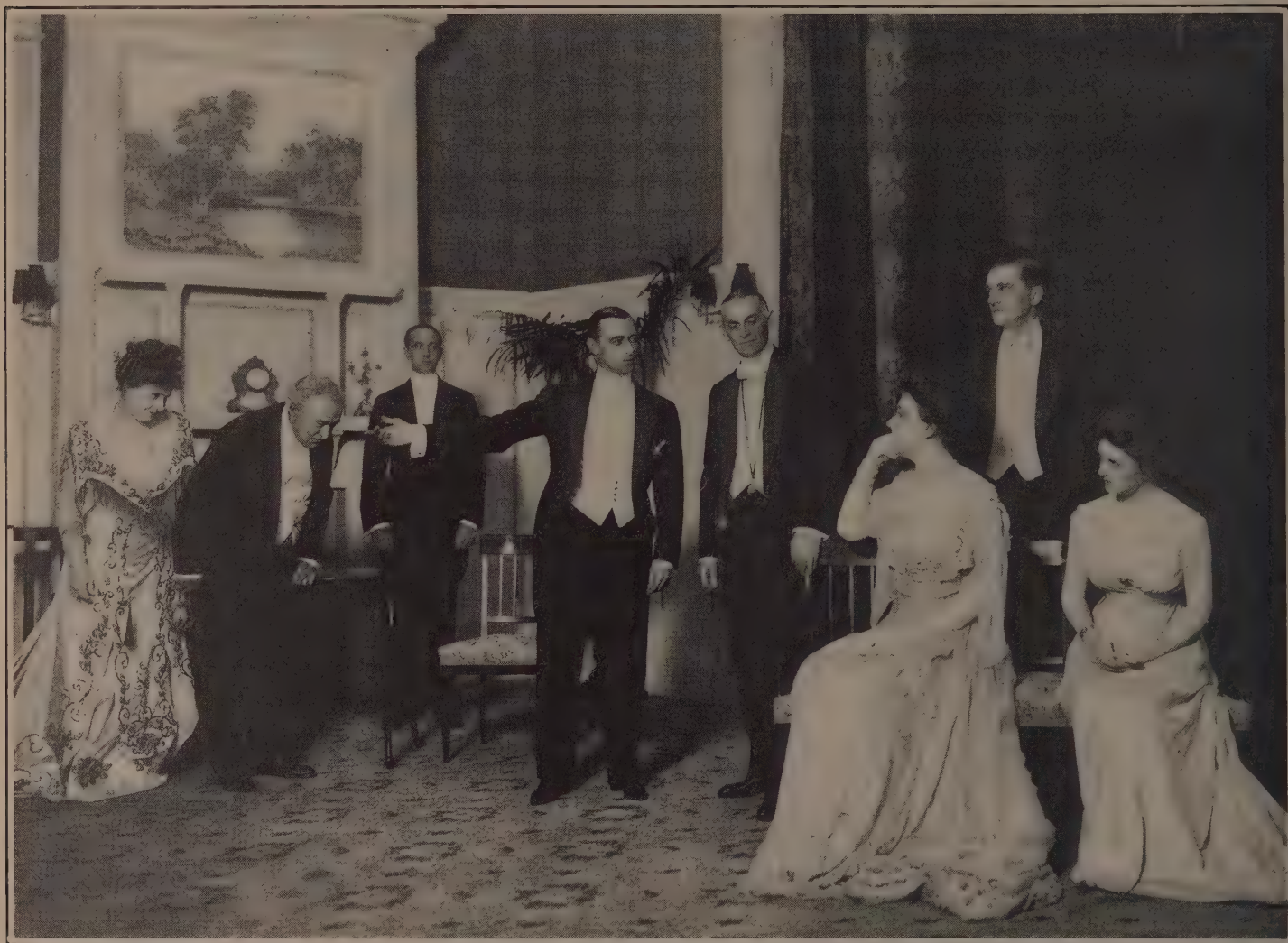


Paulette (Miss Barrison): "What am I offered for this bracelet with diamond buckles?"  
THE AUCTION SCENE AT THE END OF ACT II



action, to a melodrama rather than a drama of ideas. But in the great dramatic successes of recent years, a reasonable amount of discussion is not barred, and the action of popular plays depends more and more on the exchange of ideas and not so much on situations and "the dramatic climax." In a measure this is due to the frequent adaptation of French plays. As they love their language, the French love the play that discusses. They are content with the drama of little dramatic or physical action and much action by dialogue. All great dramatic successes on the Paris stage contain long speeches, as for example Henry Bernstein's "The Thief," and more recently "Samson," by the same author, and now being per-

lady. I watched every day to see you leave your house, every day you passed me by, dainty and beautiful, and as disdainful as a queen would be before a beggar. Were you worthy of the pedestal I put you on? I do not know. But just the sight of you made a different being of me. When I was a little older and began to think seriously what love for a woman meant, the vision of your beauty, which always remains with me, floated before my eyes. I recalled vividly my meeting you. When for the first time your eyes, proud and honest, met mine; when with your little imperious gestures, I heard your first words, simple but haughty, it seemed to me to bring back some far away memory. To reproduce it in flesh and blood—you understand what I mean, when one has loved a woman for years and years and finally is able to spend his life with her—it is not easy for him to wish to get rid of her. I grew rich as you grew into womanhood. And then I won the prize. Things might be worse—the humble love of the street urchin, the waking dream—the mirage—yes, the man that amassed millions and millions and climbed up on this tower of gold; and succeeded in reaching the high feudal tower, and winning for his wife the beautiful woman of his dreams—you will not



Bijou Strong (Helena Collier-Garrick) Pop Strong (John Saville) Gainsford (Reginald Mason) Sir Augustus Plantagenet Armitage (William Collier) Percival Robertshaw Mrs. Berkshire (Frank Westerton) (Annie Esmond) Hon. Fergus Armitage (Rex MacDougall) Nora (Helena Byrne)

Sir Augustus P. Armitage: "Let me introduce my friend, Mrs. Strong, and a friend of hers, her husband"

SCENE IN "THE PATRIOT," COMEDY BY J. HARTLEY MANNERS AND WILLIAM COLLIER AT THE GARRICK THEATRE

formed in this country by William Gillette. Jacques Brachard, brought up in poverty but finally amassing tremendous wealth, has it forced upon him that money will buy ease, power, luxury, learning, but not love. He sacrifices his whole fortune to bring about a panic on the Exchange, to ruin the man who has robbed him of his wife. Like Samson of old he pulls down the walls of ill-gotten wealth upon his enemies, upon the destroyer of his home, and like Samson, upon himself as well. This is his justification of himself and his deed:

"Now listen to me—true, you are generous, but if ever a man had won the right to plead his cause, it is I, who, outraged, ruined, tracked down and harassed, who stands before you at this time, and for the last time asks the woman he loves, his wife, to grant him the love of his life! Annette, you accuse me of not being frank, and of dissimulating—yes—I thought there was someone—I thought of many different ones! A natural thing to do—its the same with all people who are unhappy in love—I racked my brain—a weakness on my part, I suppose. If I acted like a demented person, it was because—I am not indifferent to you. Anne, I loved you before I even knew you—when I used to sweep the crossings at Marseilles, a wretched boy, an unalterable passion had already taken possession of my heart. You were an aristocratic young

deny that this was not bad as far as it went. An old Bible story keeps running through my head—a most interesting one, that of Samson. Don't you think it's a wonderful story? Poor old Samson, taken prisoner by the Philistines, who put out his eyes and obliged him to turn a cornmill—and the conquered giant accepting his servitude—his conquerors not satisfied with his degradation, insist on making their captive an object of public derision, and so they compel him to be present at one of their feasts. Poor wretch! How difficult it must have been for him to swallow his wrath! I can see the guests insulting him in his misfortunes—reviving in his mind awful memories, still fresh and appalling to him. Rage revives and tears the heart of this poor, degraded man—and Samson realizes that he is still Samson. He gives no indication, he is cunning. But he has made up his mind—his hands grope about in the darkness, measuring the size of the pillars supporting the temple—when suddenly a loud and awful crash is heard, and on top of the revellers, this debauched crowd, the building, the pillars, the roof and walls fall in. Heavens! What a massacre! And he buries under the ruins all his enemies at once—how fine, Annette! Annette, the other night, at home, I fought with myself to try to control my agony of mind—after your confession that it was Jerome—that coxcomb, that traitor—when you described that supper to me, that disreputable supper, the guests, bad women, in the midst of that riff-raff, my wife, my own wife, my little Anne, I was tortured with jealousy—tortured—for I love you so deeply! Well, the story of Samson came into my mind like this, I was blinded by rage and grief—and so I seized the pillars of the temple in my arms—the

(Continued on page x)



# Richard Mansfield—the Man and the Actor

WHEN an actor makes such an impression upon his time as to warrant the writing of a biography after his death, he must necessarily have been a player of extraordinary personality and exceptional gifts. No one will deny to Richard Mansfield this distinction.\* While he was not an inspired actor, certainly he was a most painstaking actor, and some of the eccentric rôles he originated—one might almost say created—insured him posthumous fame. A scholarly man with keen intelligence and high culture, he naturally towered above the other actors of his day, yet he was a most uneven player, and his bent seemed to be in the direction of presenting abnormal types rather than those wholesome heroic rôles of tradition which have ever inspired true histrionic genius. The story of Mansfield's life is that of a man who finally triumphed in spite of painful obstacles and difficulties that seemed insurmountable. It is a fascinating narrative and is not without its moral for those stage beginners who are too apt to believe that the road to success is broad and facile. Paul Wiltach, the author of the biography, was long associated with Mr. Mansfield as business manager, and with the assistance of the actor's widow has had access to all the deceased actor's papers and records. Mr. Wiltach has done his work well. His loyalty perhaps has led him to overlook those faults in the late actor which, many believe, prevented his reaching true greatness, but, on the whole, Mr. Wiltach has written an exceedingly interesting book.

It is well known that Mansfield's stage career began as an entertainer in London, where he was in terrible financial straits, and it is perhaps typical of the man that every shilling he could scrape together in those days went for a wardrobe—linen, boots, cravat, a boutonnière, and other irreproachable appurtenances. At his first appearance at the German Reed entertainments at St. George's Hall he fainted dead away and Mr. Reed relieved him of his position at once. In discharging him he said, "You are the most nervous man I ever saw." It was not all nervousness, however, says Mr. Wiltach. As Mansfield had not eaten for three days, he had fainted from hunger. Later in life the actor told of some of these miseries of his early London days:

"For years I went home to my little room, if fortunately I had one, and perhaps a tallow dip was stuck in the neck of a bottle, and I was fortunate if I had something to cook for myself over a fire, if I had a fire. That was my life. When night came I wandered about the streets of London, and if I had a penny I invested it in a baked potato from the baked-potato man on the corner. I would put these hot potatoes in my pockets, and after I had warmed my hands I would swallow the potato."

"The true Mansfield, Mansfield the indomitable," continues his biographer,

"came out in the crucible of these trials. He wrote his mother, but he scorned to ask again for money, well as he understood the fiery temperament which is the expression of impulse. They exchanged most affectionate letters. But he was never to see her again. The sale of an occasional picture, or the acceptance of a story or poem by a magazine, gave him barely sufficient to eke along. It was with difficulty he was able to put up a respectable appearance when he was so fortunate as to have an invitation to fashionable houses. But non-nutritive as were the unsubstantialities that were exploited there in the form of cold collations, the truth is that had he declined these invitations he would have gone hungry. His discovery

of Mrs. Hall, mother of a group of charming girl friends in Boston, and of his old friends, Mrs. Howe and her daughter, Maude, afforded bright spots in this otherwise cheerless period. The dinners to which these ladies invited him were often providential interpositions between him and starvation. At length his wardrobe became so reduced that attendance at any but the most informal entertainments became out of the question, and finally he had to give up these. Soon he was inking the seams of his coat and wandered about shunning friends, for fear they would learn to what a condition he was reduced. 'Often,' he admitted, 'I stayed in bed and slept, because when I was awake I was hungry. Footsore I would gaze into the windows of restaurants, bakeries and fruit-shops, thinking the food displayed in them the most tempting and beautiful sight in the world. There were times when I literally dined on sights and smells.'

In 1882 he came to America to remain permanently, and a year later appeared in the play which was to insure his success from that time on. This was his performance at the Union Square Theatre of the old roué Baron Chevrial in Feuillet's "A Parisian Romance." The story of how J. H. Stoddart declined the part and how Mansfield eagerly asked the manager, A. M. Palmer, to be given the opportunity of playing it, is well known.

Mr. Wiltach gives an exhaustive and most interesting account of that momentous première:

"On the night of January 11, 1883, the theatre was radiant with an expectant audience—half convinced in advance by the record of the Union Square's past, but by the same token exacting to a merciless degree—to see their old friends in the first performance in America of 'A Parisian Romance.'

"Mansfield made his entrance as the Baron Chevrial within a few moments after the rise of the curtain. It was effected in an unconcerned silence on the part of the audience. There were, on the other hand, the deserved receptions of old favorites by old friends, as Miss Jewett, Miss Vernon, Miss Carey, Mr. De Belleville, Mr. Parselle and Mr. Whiting came upon the scene.

"When Chevrial, finding himself alone with Tirandel and Laubanière, exposed his amusingly cynical views of life and society, some attention was paid to a remarkable portrait of a polished, but coarse, gay though aging voluptuary. The scene was short and he was soon off, though not without a little impudent touch, in passing the maid in the doorway, that did not slip unnoticed. The dramatic disclosures which followed brought the act to a close with applause that augured well. Henri, Marcelle and Mme. De Targy were called forward enthusiastically.

"The second act revealed the Baron's chambers. With the exception of two minutes he was on the stage until the curtain fell. The Baron's



From a photo, copyright, 1897, by J. M. Hart & Co.  
THE LATE RICHARD MANSFIELD AS RICHARD III

\*"Richard Mansfield, the Man and the Actor," by Paul Wiltach. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.



effort, so precisely detailed, to reach and raise the dumbbells from the floor; the inveterate libertine's interview with shrewd Rosa the *danseuse*, who took the tips he expected would impoverish her and thus put her in his power, for the purpose of playing them the other way; the biting deliberation of his interview with his good Baroness and Henri who comes to ruin himself to save his family's honor—all held the audience with a new sensation. As he pushed his palsied arms into his coat and pulled himself fairly off his feeble feet in his effort to button it, turned up to his door humming like a preying bumble-bee, faced slowly about again, his piercing little pink eyes darting with anticipation, and off the trembling old lips droned the telling speech: 'I wonder how his pretty little wife will bear poverty? H'm! We shall see!'—the curtain fell to applause which was for the newcomer alone. He had interested the audience and was talked about between the acts.

"Mr. Palmer rushed back to his dressing room and found him studiously adding new touches to his make-up for the next act. 'Young man!' exclaimed the manager, 'do you know you're making a hit!' 'That's what I'm paid for,' replied Mansfield without lowering the rabbit's foot.

"The third act was largely Marcelle's. The Baron was on for an episodic interval, but succeeded in that he did not destroy the impression already created.

"The fourth act revealed a magnificent banquet hall with a huge table laden with crystal, silver, snowy linen, flowers and lights. At the top of a short stairway at the back was a gallery and an arched window through which one looked upon the green aisle of the Champs-Élysées to the Arc de Triomphe, dimly visible in the moonlight. The Baron entered for one last glance over the preparations for *petit souper* for Rosa and her sisters of the ballet at the Opéra.

"The effectiveness of his entrance was helped by his appearance behind a colonnade, and there he stood only half revealed, swaying unsteadily while his palsied hand adjusted his monocle to survey the scene. There was a flutter of applause from the audience, but, appreciatively, it quickly hushed itself. He dragged himself forward. The cosmetic could not hide the growing pallor of the parchment drawn over the old reprobate's skull. He crept around the table and, with a marvelous piece of 'business,' by which he held his wobbly legs while he slowly swung a chair under him, collapsed. The picture was terrible but fascinating. People who would could not turn their heads. His valet was quick with water and held the glass in place on the salver while he directed it to the groping arm. The crystal clinked on Chevrial's teeth as he sucked the water.

"Presently he found his legs again and tottered up to the staircase. The picture of the black shriveled little man dragging his lifeless legs up to the gallery step by step was never forgotten by anyone who saw it. At the top he turned and said in thrillingly ominous tones: 'I do not wish to be disturbed in the morning. I shall need a long sleep'; and dragged himself out of sight. He had been on the stage five minutes and had said scarcely fifty words. The picture and the effect were unmistakable. The au-



Courtesy Charles Scribner's Sons

RICHARD MANSFIELD AS A YOUNG BOY

here's to—here's—the matter—the matter that—here's—

"The attack had seized him. Terrible and unforgettable was the picture of the dissolution. The lips twitched, the eyes rolled white, the raised hand trembled, the wine sputtered like the broken syllables which the shattered memory would not send and the swollen tongue suddenly could not utter. For one moment of writhing agony he held the trembling glass aloft, then his arm dropped with a swiftness that shattered the crystal. Instinctively he groped up the stairs for air and light. He reeled as if every step would be his last. Rosa helped him up to the window, but recoiled from him with a shriek. Again his hand flew up, but there was neither glass, wine, nor words. He rolled helplessly and fell to the floor, dead. The curtain fell.

"It was probably the most realistically detailed figure of refined moral and physical depravity, searched to its inevitable end, the stage had ever seen. For a moment after the curtain fell there was a hush of awe and surprise. Then the audience found itself and called Mansfield to the foot-

lights a dozen times. But neither then nor thereafter would he appear until he had removed the wig and make-up of the dead Baron. The effect of shriveled undersizedness was purely a muscular effect of the actor. The contrast between the figure that fell at the head of the stairs and the athletic young gentleman who acknowledged the applause was no anti-climax. Mansfield had come into his own. From that moment he was a figure to be reckoned with in the history of the theatre."



Courtesy Charles Scribner's Sons

THE LATE RICHARD MANSFIELD READING A PLAY TO HIS COMPANY

Mansfield was well known for his eccentricities. While in San Francisco the company was summoned to a photographer's. Arranging all in a group Mansfield seated himself in the center reading a manuscript. "Will everyone look as pleased as possible?" he asked. The instruction for the next exposure was: "Now let everyone be vexed and bored, and close his eyes as if sound asleep." He continued to read, his face beaming. His instructions were obeyed but no one understood, and gradually the members of the company drifted out quite confirmed in their belief in his madness. To a friend Mansfield explained later that the pictures showed him reading plays—the first a popular author's, the second one of his own



Scenes in Charles Klein's New Play "The Third Degree"



White      Capt. Clinton (Ralph Delmore)      Howard Jeffries, Jr. (Wallace Eddinger)      Dect. Sergt. Maloney (Alfred Moore)

ACT I. HOWARD JEFFRIES, JR., IS SUBJECTED BY THE POLICE TO THE ORDEAL OF THE THIRD DEGREE



Richard Brewster (Edmund Breese)      Capt. Clinton (Ralph Delmore)      Annie Jeffries (Helen Ware)      Howard Jeffries, Sr. (John Flood)

ACT III. CAPT. CLINTON: "I'LL HAVE THE REAL CULPRIT INSIDE OF FIFTEEN MINUTES"





Photo Schneider  
MARIA LABIA  
In "The Masked Ball"



Copyright Dupont  
MARY GARDEN IN "LE JONGLEUR DE NOTRE DAME"



Copyright Dupont  
MARIA GAY  
As Carmen

## At the Opera Houses

was something of an event of far greater importance than is the usual opening night at this house, when everybody goes to be seen—and some go to be heard, too. But this year a new régime had come to this establishment of art and the wave of reform was to begin rolling at the very first performance of the year. It did, too, as a matter of fact.

The initial work was "Aïda," and it had some fine points of novelty about it. In the first place, it marked the American début of Emmy Destinn and Arturo Toscanini. Both are familiar names in the ears of those who follow the course of opera abroad, for Destinn has been prominent in Berlin and London, and Toscanini has held his baton over the artistic forces of La Scala in Milan. In addition, there was entirely new scenery, a new chorus participated, and so the new operatic broom began by sweeping very clean.

It was really a stunning performance of "Aïda." Destinn is a great artist, and sang and acted the title rôle remarkably. She did not harp constantly upon the regal, picturesque side of the character, but rather emphasized the fact that Aïda was a slave. Her carriage and mien made this plain and her make-up was novel.

Vocally Frl. Destinn is an important addition to this big assembly of artists. Her voice is marked by that youthful quality which these days is as rare as it is admirable; and it has nothing in common with the usual singing voice that comes

to us from German opera stages. While Destinn's voice is lyric in quality, it is also highly dramatic

at moments—but it is never dramatic at the expense of tone beauty. So let us rejoice that Destinn has shaken the Teutonic dust from her Bohemian heels and has come to us to sing.

Toscanini has the reputation of being one of the world's greatest conductors, and he leads entirely from memory. He proved, in "Aïda," that his was a master hand that held a tight artistic rein, and he worked up his climaxes with fine and sweeping effect. In accompaniments he was wonderfully sympathetic, apparently giving the singers all the license they desired, but in the massing of effects he was in absolute control, and the orchestra, in addition to playing wonderfully well, obeyed him in every beat and whim.

The new scenery was very effective, the singing of the chorus was a revelation for this opera house, and the pageant at the close of the second act was a sight to please any eye—just as it proved conclusively that artistic matters had been raised out of their old rut of neglect. The other members of the cast were familiar voices and faces. Caruso sang Radames like an angel—or like a god, if you prefer; and the wonderful charm of his voice again held the audience spellbound; and Homer was an Amneris that vocally has scarcely been equalled here. All told, it was a great "Aïda" production and it boded well for the new régime.

So, with both houses in operatic full blast, novelties have been presented in a profusion that is alto-



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CHARLES DALMORES AS SAMSON



gether novel to New York. At the Metropolitan the new work to be heard was D'Albert's "Tiefland," an opera which has had enormous success in Germany, having reached more than a hundred performances in Berlin alone. If a snap judgment be permitted, it would be to the effect that here "Tiefland" is a failure, and that nothing will be apt to make any future change in the public's attitude toward the work. It is a gloomy story—the same story as the play "Marta of the Lowlands," which was produced in this country several seasons ago. But whatever points might have proven to be of admirable dramatic value in the play are lost in the work with a musical setting, for the interminable recitatives which tell the story again and again grow tiresome. And then, with somberness as the mantle draped over this entire action, the piece goes through its entire length with scarcely more than a few moments of light-heartedness to leaven the whole dread load of tragedy, culminating in murder.

But even so, were this garbed with tremendous music, there would still be hope for it in the minds and ears of operagoers here. The score, however, is not a giant's work. It is extremely clever, the orchestration is generally admirable, and the workmanship entitles its composer to a great deal of respect and praise. On the other hand, originality seems hardly to be the music's strongest trait, and there is not mirrored in the orchestra that tremendous surge of dramatic intensity that would give a work of this kind a claim to universal appreciation. Some of the incidents are tuneful and others are extremely modern in their daring—but then again there are dreary stretches in which the singing voice indulges in a recital of events that the composer wishes the audience to be informed about.

Scenically the production was a big credit to the new management. The first scene, that of the shepherd's hut on the mountain top, was wonderfully realistic, and the lighting and stage management were quite faultless. As Marta, Destinn again displayed a fine voice, but her acting left much to be desired, thus giving the impression that the artist has little or no sympathy with this particular rôle. Erik Schmedes was the shepherd Pedro, and he brought to hearing a tenor voice that according to our spoilt ears possesses no charm whatever. Some one has written that the singing of some German tenors of to-day reminds one of shooting an Edam cheese from the mouth of a cannon. Well, Schmedes hurls his tones at his audience energetically—for he is a giant with a big voice—but of beauty of tone and of faultless tone production there seems but little to record. He comes to us from the Vienna Opera House, where he holds the first position, also has he been prominently active at Bayreuth—but it will take more than the sum of his foreign reputation to make him a favorite here.

As Sebastiano, Fritz Feinhals was excellent, using his fine big voice with good effect and proving himself a temperamental actor of no mean value. He had appeared here once before this season, in a performance of "Die Walküre," when, as Wotan, he showed that he was a fine artist possessed of a voice that as yet showed no traces of wear.

To return to "Tiefland," Alfred Hertz conducted the performance and achieved a personal success for his work—just as he has at the "Walküre" and at a "Parsifal" revival, at the latter especially, for it was a wonderful performance.

An American basso, Allan Hinckley, participated at all three of these productions, displaying a full, resonant, youthful voice, which he employs most intelligently. So German opera has not languished under the new régime—to the contrary, it seems to have thrived artistically—a good omen.

If any one supposed for an instant that Oscar Hammerstein was dozing while all this was going on he is simply mistaken. Three novelties were produced at his opera house—if one regards "Samson et Dalila" as a novelty—and it is entitled to this distinction, for it has had but one stage performance here and that was not an auspicious artistic occasion, according to records.

"Samson et Dalila" is well known to frequenters of oratorio performances—and it has been asserted generally that the work



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SIGNOR ZENATELLO AS OTHELLO

falls between the two stools of oratorio and opera. The Manhattan production of the work, however, rather upset this former estimate, for here, with magnificent mounting and admirable singing, the opera proved to be most interesting. Dalmores was the Samson, and he sang this rôle with a dramatic fervor that precipitated the enthusiastic approval of the multitude. He also acted it with remarkable intensity and he made the dramatic possibilities of the part stand forth vividly. Gerville-Réache was





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HERBERT WITHERSPOON, BASSO  
(Metropolitan)

the *Dadila*, and she sang this music infinitely better than she has sung any other rôle here. She was artistic, too, in her moments of seductive grace and allowed no opportunities for effect to escape her.

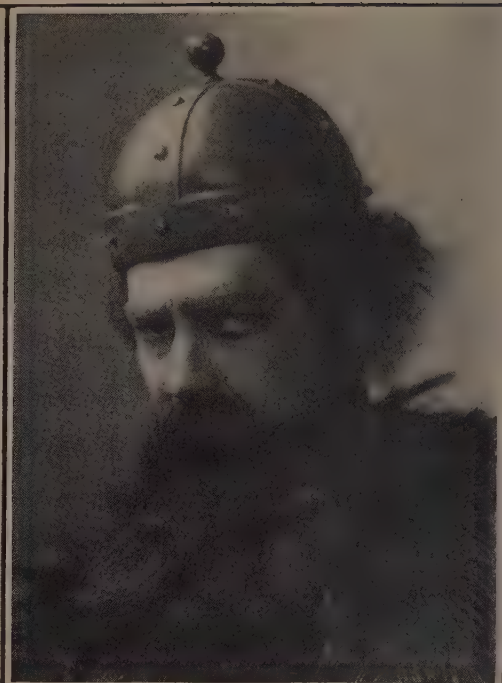
Dufranne was excellent—so was Vieuille—a newcomer with a fine bass voice—but chief was the gorgeous scenic equipment that had been accorded this work. It is one of the handsomest productions imaginable, the last act with its huge temple pillars being actually massive. And the moment of destruction, when Samson forces the pillars apart and when the temple falls, is effected with wonderful realism. The singing of the chorus was exquisite, the orchestra, under Campanini, played beautifully, and a novelty was introduced in the shape of a new dancer, Odette Valéry, who danced in the final act and then caressed a live serpent. It was a performance of "*Samson et Dalila*" that was worth seeing, and it revived interest in this tuneful opera.

"*Le Jongleur de Notre Dame*" was the next novelty at the Manhattan, a work by Massenet that has earned laurels abroad. Originally it was written entirely for male voices, but here the rôle of Jean, the juggler, was assumed by Mary Garden. And what a lovely picture she was! Some one has christened her the Peter Pan of opera for this performance. She appeared in hose and doublet, a fine air of disregard about her costume, for there were patches and spots to punctuate her physical beauty. Her hair was tously, and upon her head there was a rakish cap with feathers that had been tossed and tempest by fate and fortune. In her acting she forgot—and made you forget, too—that she was not a boy, for her poses and her carriage were those of a youth. It was a pretty picture that she made, and in the final act when she dances and performs before the Virgin she held the attention of the audience tense.

The rest of the monks at this cloister were



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SIGNOR CONSTANTINO  
The Manhattan's new tenorALLEN HINCKLEY, BASSO  
(Metropolitan)

all men—and how they did sing! Renaud, as Boniface the cook, was again wonderful in his art, and Dufranne, Vieuille, Crabbé and Valles were all capital.

The opera is dainty, full of sentiment and less blatantly Massenet than any of his other works heard here. Throughout, the composer seems to have worked to suppress rather than to obtrude the voice of the orchestra, and the stage effect of the coming to life of the Virgin and of the death upon the altar steps of Jean is very touching.

Scenically this work, too, was given handsome mounting, and there seems to be no reason why "*Le Jongleur de Notre Dame*" should not achieve a position of great popularity. Campanini waved his wizard wand over it all again and gave another instance of his inexhaustible artistic energy.

One further novelty at this opera house was the attempt to introduce operatic pantomime here—which was one of the reasons for the coming of Odette Valéry, the dancer. The work chosen to set forth this branch of entertainment was called "*La Chair*," and its authors are Georges Wagues and Albert Chantrier. In Paris this pantomime is well known, and it proved to be interesting—even though it made the impression of being rather light-waisted in a grand opera house, together with opera performances.

An artist worth hearing in the concert world is Dr. Ludwig Wüllner, a German interpreter of songs. At one time he was an actor, and he has brought into his present vocation the stage equipment which he employs to wonderful advantage. His voice is not beautiful, and he scarcely sings according to the likes of those who love tones for their beauty alone—but this man is great in his force of dramatic delivery. He sings with gripping intensity. It is worth a dozen of ordinary recitals to hear Dr. Wüllner sing. His is an interesting musical personality.



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## IN THE HYGIENE OF THE HAIR

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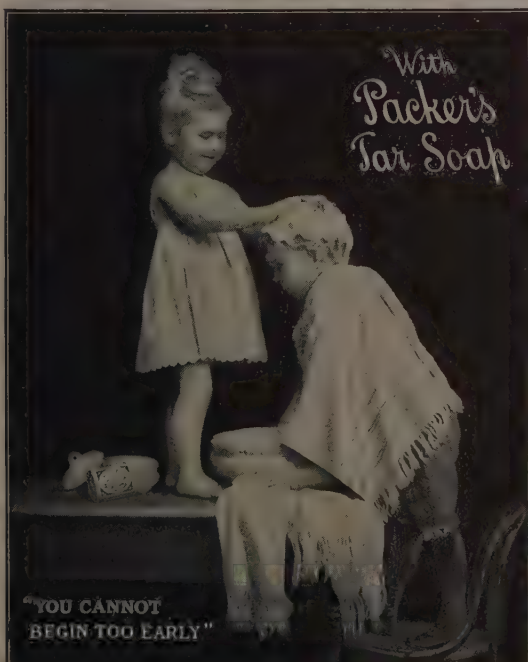
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## Speeches That Made Great Parts

(Continued from page 30)

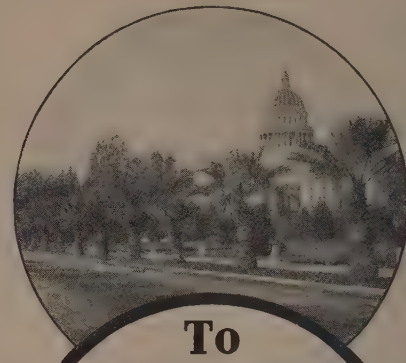
temple in this case was the Stock Exchange—and I shook it, I shook it and shook it to its foundations."

Therein is contained the whole story of "Samson"—a fine expository opportunity for the playwright, a superb declamatory opportunity for the actor. The much dreaded, much maligned long speech only deserves its reputation when it is mishandled. Deftly managed, it can be made the chief joy of the play. For instance, nothing could much surpass the skill and charm of manner with which Joseph Coyne defines a mollusc in the play of that name. The speech contains scientific lore, the merriest sort of human observation and considerable genuine philosophy. It is long, but its actual length is never apparent, because of the carefully veiled devices Mr. Coyne employs properly to paragraph it without actually interrupting it. Tom thus tells his brother-in-law Dick just what a mollusc is:

"I don't know if the Germans have remarked that many mammalia display characteristics commonly assigned to mollusca. I suppose the scientific explanation is that a mollusc once married a mammal and their descendants are the human mollusc. People who are like a mollusc of the sea, which clings to a rock and lets the tide flow over its head. People who spend all their energy and ingenuity in sticking instead of moving, in whom the instinct for what I call molluscity is as dominating as an inborn vice, and it is so catching. Why, one mollusc will infect a whole household. We all had it at home, mother was quite a famous mollusc in her time. She was bedridden for fifteen years and then, don't you remember, got up to Dulcie's wedding, to the amusement of everybody, and tripped down the aisle as lively as a kitten, and then went to bed again till she heard of something else she wanted to go to—a garden party or something. Father, he was a mollusc, too, he called it being conservative; he might just as well have stayed in bed, too. Ada, Charlie, Emmaline, all of them were more or less mollusky; but Dulcibella was the queen; you won't often see such a fine, healthy specimen of a mollusc as Dulcie. I'm a born mollusc. Yes, I'm energetic now, but only artificially energetic. I have to be on to myself all the time. Make myself do things, that's why I chose the vigorous West, and wander from camp to camp. I made a pile in Leadville, I gambled it all away. I made another in Cripple Creek, I gave it away to the poor, and if I made another, I should chuck it away, don't you see why? Give me a competence, nothing to work for, nothing to worry about from day to day—why, I should become as famous a mollusc as dear old mother was. No, not altogether. The lazy flow with the tide, the mollusc uses force to resist pressure. It's amazing the amount of force a mollusc will use to do nothing, when it would be so much easier to do something. It's no fool, you know, it's often the most artful creature, it wriggles and squirms, and even fights from the instinct not to advance, there are wonderful things about molluscity, things to make you shout with laughter, but it's sad enough, too—it can ruin a life so, not only the life of the mollusc, but all the lives in the house where it dwells. I should say once a mollusc, always a mollusc. But it's like drink, or any other vice; if grappled with, it can be kept under. If left to itself, it becomes incurable."

Such are typical speeches that make parts great, that add a zest to playwriting and an equal zest to play-acting. There are purple patches in manuscripts of necessarily detached, interrupted dialogue, but their greater frequency in modern plays is a hopeful sign of threefold maturity. American playgoers, always known as "feeling audiences," susceptible only to appeals to the emotions, are maturing to the grade of "thinking audiences." American actors, often criticized for their want of reserve, their inability "to stand still" and by personal authority protect their speeches over the footlights, are maturing in gravity and poise. And American playwrights, patterning after the best foreign masters of the craft, are maturing in the realization that action in the sense of the conception and development of great ideas, not physical movement, is the stuff that great plays are made of.

JOHN D. WILLIAMS.



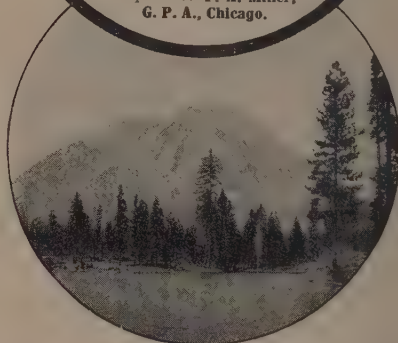
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## New Plays of the Month

(Continued from page 5)

susceptible employer in a young person supposed to be Mrs. Rollett, but who is in reality Paulette, the Blue Mouse, specially engaged for the part at \$2,000 "per" (month). Rollett has a really-true wife; there is also an injured Mrs. Lewellyn; and the temperamental Paulette has a fiancé, who is madly jealous when roused. Imagine these people, and others of their ilk, mixed up together in wildest farce-land, in a house where there are no end of swinging doors, open partitions, and machine-made coincidences, and you know as much about the plot of "The Blue Mouse" as the average person does who sits chuckling through the performance at the Lyric. It is acted unflaggingly throughout, and the breeze of gaiety never fails. Harry Conor is funny, in his own weird way, without the slightest regard to the character he is supposed to be playing. Miss Sears, on the other hand, raises Mrs. Lewellyn, by a bit of fine, cameo-cut characterization, into the delectable realm of pure comedy.

**GARRICK.** "THE PATRIOT." Farce in 3 acts by J. Hartley Manners and William Collier. Produced Nov. 23 with this cast:

Sir Augustus Plantagenet Armitage, William Collier; Pop Strong, John Saville; Steve Masterson, Wallace Worsley; Percival Robertson, Frank Westerton; Caesar, Thomas Martin; Wambliki, Thomas Beauregard; Blyn, John E. Adam; Kid Sugar, Buster Shorty; M. E. Kelly; Nell, Helen Hale; Bijou Strong, Helena Collier-Garrick; Viola, Paula Marr; Okshula-Washta, Margaret Warren; The Honorable Ferguson Armitage, Rex Macdougall; Gainsford, Reginald Mason; Albert, Max Esberg; Edward, James Merrill; Mrs. Berkshire, Annie Esmond; Nora, Helena Byrne.

Sir Augustus Plantagenet Armitage, an American from childhood in everything but birth, is operating a mine at Fir Tree Hill, Bull Frog, Nev., and just as his miners and others dependent upon him refuse to wait any longer for their pay, is informed by an English barrister that he is the heir to £10,000 on condition that he return to England and marry the ward of his titled relative; he goes to London, doesn't like the girl and she doesn't like him, whereupon he throws everything up and returns to Bull Frog, finding that his mine has developed into a great property and that his old sweetheart, Nell, is waiting for him. If you were politely asked to step across the street and witness the unfolding of this story in a play, without any cost to yourself but the expenditure of your time, you might decline, having heard it before. A season or two ago W. H. Crane appeared in a play with almost the identical story. The introduction of American manners into the haughty and austere reception rooms of the English aristocracy is nothing new, and it would seem to be time that it should begin to be feeling its own age. But if you had stepped across the street and witnessed William Collier's use of this old story your time would not have been lost. Every minute of it would have sped along in laughter. You could not have anticipated that there was so much life in the old idea. The old vehicle is filled with quips and oddities. The first episode of any consequence is a lesson in which he questions Nell in her spelling and geography. Nell is delighted in her ignorance and hazarded comments and demands for explanation. She was delightful, anyhow, for Nell was Helen Hale and Helen Hale was Nell. The lesson is interrupted by the intrusion of the miners and other characters, some of them grotesque, who demand their pay. Then we have the episode of his speech asking for more time. This was new comedy; but just as it became plain that his mining operations had reached their limit, the barrister announces the conditional bequest of the uncle. This would seem to be in itself the ending of the act, but not so. There would have been no laughter in such an ending. Mr. Collier, with gripsack in hand, does not make his exit through the door, but with a light and gladsome leap, amid the cheering of his comrades and the laughter of the audience, through the open window.

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**WEBER'S.** "THE STRONGER SEX." Comedy in 3 acts by John Valentine. Produced Nov. 23 with this cast:

Hon. Warren Barrington, Oswald Yorke; Mary, Miss Russell; Oliver Thorpe, Robert Drouet; Robert Forsythe, Frank Peters; Joan Forsythe, Alma Kruger; Mrs. Van Garkerken, Helen Tracy; Mrs. Davenport, Cecelia Radclyffe; Lady Frampton, Ina Rorke; Mrs. Prescott Lane, Louise DeRigny; Lady Day, Nora Krumm; The Hon. Miss Nicholson, Mabel Frenyear; Abraham Isaacs, Dore Davidson; Isaac Abraham, William Wadsworth.

"The Stronger Sex" is not a thoroughly good play, but it contains a living idea and concerns



## Doctors of Two Nations Agree as to the Benefits of Beer

**American Doctor:** To what, Doctor, do you attribute the success of the German people?

**German Doctor:** To one thing, my dear Doctor, just to their temperance.

**American:** But Doctor, we think of your people as heavy drinkers.

**German:** Ah, but the drink is beer. While other nationalities have their wines, whiskies and vodkas containing large percentages of alcohol and very little food value, we stick to our beer with its nourishing barley and tonical hops and only 3½% alcohol.

**American:** You say only 3½% alcohol as though that ingredient were not beneficial.

**German:** I do not mean it in that sense. We find alcohol has a food and stimulating value when the proportion is not too great. The danger is in overstimulation, impossible when the percentage is so small as in beer.

**American:** Perhaps the superiority of your people may be due to the superiority of your beers.

**German:** Don't mistake there. We are strong admirers of your Schlitz Beer. It evidences the care used in its brewing. Its full rich flavor brings to you the taste of the barley and the hops, so often lost in the different processes. It has the sparkle and life, too, due to a perfect yeast. The freedom from germs shows careful sterilization. The fact that it does not cause biliousness proves its perfect lagering, or aging as you say.

**American:** That is splendid, Doctor. I have been using Schlitz Beer in my practice, prescribing it where my patients needed an easily digested food which has some tonic value. Especially beneficial, I have found it, after surgical operations where the stomach refused to retain other food. Also in cases where the patient was not inclined to drink enough to flush the system of its waste.

**German:** When you Americans generally appreciate these benefits of beer, then, may the Fatherland take heed or your country will outstrip us as we have our neighbors; but good progress to you and the temperance work of Schlitz, The Beer That Made Milwaukee Famous.

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conditions of the times. An American heiress marries, for love, a titled Englishman, who marries her for her money. She accepts the situation, intending to teach him that she is her own mistress and will retain the control of her own fortune. The play is largely made up of a series of incidents in which he is subjugated, brought to realize the strength of the woman's character, and finally to love her for herself and not for her money. This is an actual and not uncommon condition in modern life, and the action of the play is not necessarily fanciful or forced. To describe the play as the reversal of Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew" is wide of the mark. The same marital relation with reference to money did not exist centuries ago. The right of a wife to control her own property is very modern. If Mr. John Valentine, presumably an Englishman, had had an American collaborator, the play would doubtless have gained in value. To the American collaborator a title would not have covered sordid thought and despicable action. A playwright has no easy task when he undertakes to change the nature of a character by means of the action of his play. If the character is a thorough brute in the beginning, he is not going to redeem himself in the eyes of the audience in being subjected to the mere mechanism of the play. If he were at bottom a good fellow, with a mistaken view of life and his relations to it and had made a mistake in the character of the woman whom he marries in order to enjoy her fortune, the problem of the play would have been simple, natural and appealing. He need not have loved her at first, but he should have been manly. There is no reason why the American girl should have loved this English brute, first or last.

However, apart from this unsatisfactory element, the play is good diversion and gives Miss Annie Russell the most artistic opportunity of her career. She is very properly regarded as the embodiment of gentleness, but force of character is not inconsistent with this kind of nature. She is equal to an emergency. In one scene the husband, enraged at her refusal to give him a large sum of money, rushes at her with uplifted hand about to strike her. She meets him, quietly, but firmly, with a small but formidable pistol. She does not aim the pistol at him with any bravado or in any melodramatic manner, but he recoils when he sees the determination in the eye of this quiet woman. The curtain falls on her telling him that she would kill any man, though she loved him, who would strike her. That she knew that the pistol was not loaded is a defect in the treatment and trifling with the situation. It would be better if she discovered later that the pistol was empty at the time. If she knows that the pistol is unloaded when she threatens to defend herself with it, she must have counted on the despicable cowardice of her husband, and not have meant that which serves to evoke from the audience sympathetic applause. The character study of the woman is excellent and it is acted with a most precise and effective art. It is in its episodes of character that the play has significance. The first trouble begins when the groom refuses to let his master ride the favorite saddle horse of his mistress. When the matter is referred to her, her gentle firmness carries the day. The husband yields, for he has more important things at stake. When two of his creditors, usurers and money-lenders, call to demand payment of his notes, she says that she will see them and will pay them if their claim is just. If any money is to be paid, he wants to pay it himself. She has her way, and in an interview with the money-lenders, by a series of cross-questions, she discomfits them and sends them away unpaid. She finally manages to get him employment with a cousin of hers, secretly paying a reasonable salary out of her own pocket, and in the end he sees the dignity of work, realizes the strong and yet gentle character of his wife, becomes a business man capable of managing her estate, and all ends well.

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**MAJESTIC.** "THE PIED PIPER." Musical comedy in 2 acts. Book by Austin Strong and R. H. Burnside. Music by Manuel Klein. Produced Dec. 3 with this cast:

The Pied Piper, De Wolf Hopper; His Official Adviser, William Cameron; His Official Reminder, D. L. Baker; The Board of Aldermen, W. L. Romaine; The Bad Boy, Bert Devlin; Willie Van Courtlandt, John Phillips; Sammy Struggles, Edward Heron; Lizzie Dizzy, Grace Cameron; The Housekeeper, Ada Deaves; The Model Couple, Frank Laddis, Bonnie Farley; Romance, Lillian Thatcher; Poetry, Elda Curry; Song, Mabel Mordaunt; Father Time, Warren Fabian; Elviria, Marguerite Clark.

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the Piper's devices is the pairing-off of his marriageable young people every twenty years. The allotment of bride to groom is about completed when it is found that the law permitting but two children (a boy and a girl) to each couple, has been violated, the "odd" child, Elviria, comes out of concealment, and the Piper is not a little embarrassed by the necessity of providing a husband for her or else having his unique little city destroyed by Father Time. The arrival of an airship bearing Willie Van Cortlandt, his chauffeur, Sammy Struggles, and a nondescript, one Lizzy Dizzy, is hailed as a solution of the problem. Dispute arises as to which of the two men is eligible for the very attractive "odd" child; but the law provides that she shall become the bride of the man who landed first. This, naturally enough, conflicts with the ideas of the recently arrived group, who ply the Piper with champagne and steal his pipes. The Piper is thereupon deposed and the "City of Innocence" becomes at once demoralized and pandemonium reigns. The Piper is rescued and, aided by Elviria, recovers his pipes in time to save his city from annihilation.

Manuel Klein's music is a decided advance on his past achievements, but it still lacks distinction. In the book one finds the artistic principle of contrast subjected to a most violent application. The thoughtful spectator doubtless felt, as he heard and saw the well-conceived and poetic prologue and the delightful first scene, that he was about to behold a rarely dainty version of the delightful legend. But with the appearance of the airship's owner and crew, he gave himself up with a sigh to the same hackneyed devices, the same noisy vaudeville that seems so inevitable a part of so-called musical comedy nowadays. Mr. Hopper had a happy part and was the same unctuous Hopper that has delighted us these twenty years. He had a most exquisite little foil in the person of Marguerite Clark, the odd girl. Particularly charming was the nursery scene near the end of the piece.

NEW YORK. "MISS INNOCENCE." Musical show. Book by Harry B. Smith. Music by Ludwig Engländer. Produced Nov. 30 with this cast:

Anna, Miss Held; Miss Sniffins, Emma Janvier; Helen Legarde, Edith Decker; Claire, Edith St. Clair; Ezra Pettingill, Charles A. Bigelow; Hon. Roland Montjoy, Lawrence D'Orsay; Pierre De Brissac, Leo Mars; Duke of Pomerania, Robert Payton Gibbs; Bobo, F. Stanton Heck; Marquis De Chabert, Maurice Hegeman; Angele, Lillian Lorraine; Loulou, Eva Francis; Ella Lee, Shirley Kellogg; Pierrette, Anna C. Wilson; Maxine, Marion Whitney; Count Maxine, James Clyde; Albert, Pierre Roudil; Walker, Dudley Oatman; Hobbes, Ernest Wood; O'Brien, Peter Swift; Ben Hassan, Alfred Fairbrother; Prince Yogama, Lionel Lozier; Count Sergius Borodin, John S. Brusch; Spanish Dancer, Faico; Schmalz, Maurice Hegeman.

It has been remarked already in these columns that a Ziegfeld production is usually worth seeing. This manager does not cater to the sort of entertainment that is likely to improve the public morals, but if audiences must have "musical shows" with their bare legs and suggestive humor, let them insist on getting the best. We do not know if it is to Mr. Ziegfeld or to Mr. Julian Mitchell that should go the credit for staging "Miss Innocence," but prettier dancing girls, more novel effects, more elaborate costumes and general artistry of *mise-en-scène* have never graced a Broadway production. The piece is full of "ginger" and sparkles with wit and fun from start to finish. It is not clear why it is labeled a "Anna Held show," for the star has very little to do except to look demure and get off a song or two. On the other hand, there is constant joy in watching Charles Bigelow and Emma Janvier, the first with his side-splitting comedy, the second with her clever character impersonation of "a spinster with several pasts." There is a scene at the close of Act I, depicting fast life in a gay Paris resort at midnight, with real French waiters flying here and there, painted courtesans wearing every description of extravagant costume from sheath gowns (padlocked) to nothing at all, and English and American "Johnnies" opening innumerable bottles of "fiz," which is life itself, and one of the best acted and best stage managed scenes witnessed on the metropolitan boards in many a moon. Maurice Hegeman does a clever character bit as an elderly "Johnny" dancing a can-can and "carrying on" with the "ladies."

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CIRCLE. "QUEEN OF THE MOULIN ROUGE."  
Book by Paul M. Potter. Music by John T. Hall.  
Produced Dec. 7 with this cast:

Princess Marotz Rakovitz, Flora Parker; Sacha, Carter De Haven; Sergius, ex-King of Orcania, Richard F. Carroll; Savourette, Edward M. Favor; Major General Bonniard, Fred Rivenhall; Anna, Louise Alexander; Madame St. Angelo, Juliette Dika; Philippe of the Quatz-Arts, George Wharnock; Lea, Hattie Forsythe; Chonchon, May Maloney; Parisette, Odette Auber; Blanchard, Reginald De Veulle.

This piece may be classed with those which degrade the stage without possessing the slim re-



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deeming merit of being amusing. It professes to portray the criminal underworld of Paris. Thus we have the Académie Savourette in the Quarter Montparnasse, the Cabaret of the Quat-z-Arts and the "Dead Rat" in the Place Pigalle. Mme. Arthur and M. De Veulle execute some rather suggestive attitudes which they dignify under the name "Kicking Polka," and there is a realistic "Apache" dance done in the brutal fashion peculiar to the midnight assassins of the Paris streets. There are also a lot of girls who pose for "living pictures" in wrinkled fleshings. As entertainment it is rather depressing.

BROADWAY. "THE SICILIAN PLAYERS." It is only necessary to witness a performance such as the Sicilians recently gave to discern how innately general is the histrionic gift among the Latin players. Duse, in her marvelous way, showed how perfect it could be by a repressed method. Novelli, by more positive means, and now Signora Aguglia and her talented associates, are giving vent to it in a very tumult of violent but artistic expression. In realistic native dramas these Catalonian actors created veritable sensations abroad. It is doubtful whether they will retire from these shores much enriched in pocket, but they have at least enriched the history of the local drama by their thoroughly adequate and vigorously moving interpretations of plays dealing almost entirely with the primitive passions. Mimi Aguglia-Ferrau, the star of the organization, is an actress of rare emotional power. She has her quieter moments of repressed feeling that are not unlike those of Duse. Her fiery explosions of love and jealousy are, however, her own, and are volcano-like in torrential perfervidness. Her cataleptic fit has all the graphic force of a transcript from a hospital record, but the real value of the interpretation lies more in the quieter revelations of the soul tortured by a denied love. Still more insistent is the expression of the conscientious agony she endures on finding that her brother-in-law, angered by his shrewish wife, would turn to her. "The Spell" is the effect the stronger influences of the man exerts upon her life, an end tragic in its consequences, for the woman's affianced when he learns of the situation of affairs slashes his rival's throat with a razor, declaring that through this bloody means the enchantment will be destroyed. This culmination, which brings the play to a close, is a marvelously picturesque exhibition of ensemble work. The veriest super plays with the energy of a star, but always in his place and with a nice adjustment to the effectiveness of concerted team work. It is a scene quite remarkable in its power and finish.

Signora Aguglia's leading men are more than admirably efficient. Salvatore Lo Turco as the husband enacts the lighter scenes with a sparkling comedy touch and the dramatic episodes with forceful eloquence and conviction. Equally satisfying is Toto Majorana as the unrequited lover. The heroine's mother and father were capably portrayed by Marianna Balestrieri and Salvatore Pezzinga and a vivacious bit of characterization was contributed by Luigi Aguglia.

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VICTOR. RECORDS. With the opera season in full blast and the coming to New York of great singers from all over the world, the Victor Talking Machine Company has been able to add many new valuable records to its repertory this month. Most prominent among these new records are those secured of Madame Emmy Destinn, the German soprano, and the Russian violinist, Mischa Elman. The beautiful art of Mme. Destinn is well represented by a selection of Italian and French operas. She made her début at the Metropolitan Opera House as Aida and her many admirers will be delighted to know that they can hear in the seclusion of their homes her splendid rendering of *Oh, My Fatherland*. Another admirable record of the same artist is her air from Puccini's opera "Madama Butterfly," *Some Day He'll Come*. Other records are the well-known songs from "Mignon," *Knowest Thou the Land?* and *Do You Know, My Sweet One*, also from "Madama Butterfly."

It is only within the last two years that full justice could be done on the Victor with the wonderful tones of the violin, and thus music lovers who were not lucky enough to hear Elman's wonderful playing can listen to his astonishing solo on the new records of "Rondo Capriccioso" by Saint-Saëns.

Also many other fine new Red Seal records are three by Marcella Sembrich; these are *Bright Gleam of Hope* from "Semiramide" by Rossini, *Guiding Star of Love* from "Linda di Chamounix" by Donizetti, and *Dear Friends, We Now Must Part* from "Vespri Siciliani" by Verdi.

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# Mary Garden's Art in Dress

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"I give a great deal of thought and study to the correct costuming of the characters I interpret," said Mary Garden one morning last month. "Before the production of *Aphrodite* I not only made a careful study of the Greek statuary in the Louvre, but during a three months' stay in Rome I was a constant visitor at the various galleries, besides which I read everything about Greek art and customs that I could lay my hands on."

As all the world knows, Miss Garden's *Aphrodite* was an instant and thoroughly deserved success when it was produced at the Opéra Comique. The French journals were no less appreciative of her dressing of the part than they were of her art in singing and acting. Soon the fair Parisiennes began to arrange their hair à l'Aphrodite, to introduce Greek touches into their gowns, until at the present time every fashionable woman's wardrobe contains innumerable costumes à la Grec.

Thus it may with good reason be said that it is to Mary Garden we owe the revival of the Greek styles in modern dress. Miss Garden was most modest when confronted with this charge. Though she did not refute it, she attributes a large part of the success of the introduction of Greek ideas to Redfern, who makes all of her costumes, lingerie and even corsets.

"You haven't any idea what a clever man he is! If it had not been for his collaboration I should never have succeeded in materializing my idea of the Greek costume. I bought an enormous collection of photographs of Greek statuary, and together we pored over these until we had thoroughly assimilated the ideas, and the result was the *Aphrodite* costumes."

The queen of fashion until 1870 was the Empress Eugénie. If the Empress accepted a new style it was quickly copied by women of all civilized countries. With the fall of the Empire the stage became the great factor in the exploitation of new styles. Soon it was noted that Sara Bernhardt, with her strong and original ideas about dress, was the actress whose gowns were most generally copied. For more than a generation Bernhardt continued to impress her ideas upon the world of fashion. Every good style that emanated from Paris for twenty-five years either was originated by Bernhardt or first received her endorsement.

That Mary Garden is in more than a fair way to become Mme. Bernhardt's successor as the queen of fashion is apparent to those who have followed her career thus far. French women were quick to see the beauties, uses and novelty in the Greek styles. These have gradually been adopted by women of other nationalities, until at the present time there is scarcely a fashionable stage gown in New York that is not more or less Greek in its origin, while the evening gowns worn by society leaders are even more distinctly of the Greek type.

A queen of fashion must be a woman of sufficiently strong personality to dare to be original, and Miss Garden certainly has this qualification. Both she and Mme. Bernhardt

regard stage dress as a detail, but an important one, of the harmonious whole. Dress with them can be made to depict moods as well as character. Its importance lies in the fact that it can be interpreted so quickly and unconsciously by the beholder. Thus it is called into being to aid in swaying the audience whichever way they will.

Every woman who sees Miss Garden off the stage has begun to sit up and take notice of the gown she is wearing. When she appears among the audience at the opera or theatre long scrutiny is made of her costume through the carefully leveled opera glasses which are trained upon her box at every possible interval. At the fashionable restaurants she is the cynosure of all eyes, her entrance and exit being followed as keenly there as on the stage of the Manhattan Opera House. When she wears a new gown at one of these places her entrance creates a sensation. I was a witness of this lately. The scene was Sherry's at the supper hour, and when Miss Garden came in with a party of friends there was a distinct murmur of admiration among the fashionable throng already assembled. Many of the women even insisted upon prolonging their stay until after the prima donna had taken her departure in order to get another full view of the wonderful, and, yes, daring gown.

Yet it was a very simple gown made of soft supple black satin trimmed with cut jet ornaments with just a suspicion of emerald green across the bust. To be sure, cut jet has been little used for ornamentation of late years, and the fact that it has been used by Redfern for the unique decoration of this gown behooves those who would be in fashion to keep their eyes wide open for its greater use in the near future.

The great sensation of this gown was the manner in which it was draped, and the way this drapery moulded to the figure throughout its entire length. The large pendant jet ornaments were used to enhance this clinging effect. These were fully two feet long, and some five inches wide, and were attached in the center front and back of the bodice, thence hanging over a portion of the skirt. The satin portion of the gown ended just beneath the arms, the shoulders and upper arms being smoothly covered with a fine black and white figured net. This left the throat exposed, the pointed opening of the net being outlined by a narrow band of jet, which was also the finishing for the tight-fitting half sleeves. These sleeves and the shoulder covering must have been cut in one, as there was no visible seam. We have before this had sleeves cut in one with the body of the garment, but never before have the dressmakers succeeded in producing tight-fitting sleeves without shoulder or arm seams.

Miss Garden is a believer in the Greek styles for day gowns intended for carriage wear as well as those intended for evening and stage use. She considers that the American woman needs no hint even from Paris regarding the tailored suit with its short skirt for street wear.

In her personal wardrobe as well as that for the stage Miss Garden luxuriates in beautiful colors. An excellent example of both



Photos copyright Dupont  
MISS GARDEN'S EVENING GOWN  
Of black satin trimmed with cut jet. Made by  
Redfern



## Announcement

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Silks which will be on sale in January at all the better class retail stores, will publish in the next issue of the "Theatre Magazine" a full page reproduction in colors of a splendid painting of Miss Mary Garden, showing the popular singer wearing her new gown of 'SALOMÉ' Silk.

R & T will send gratis, upon request, to the readers of "Theatre" who are interested in these fabrics a copy of this beautiful picture. Applications should be made at once, as the supply will be limited.

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Photo Drucker & Co.

COMPLIMENTARY DINNER GIVEN BY THE FRIARS CLUB, IN HONOR OF OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, AT THE HOTEL ASTOR, N. Y., SUNDAY, DEC. 13, 1908  
 Among those present were: Charles Emerson Cook, Frank C. Payne, Walter Damrosch, Al Hayman, Rennold Wolf, Charles Burnham, Hon. Patrick F. McGowan, Victor Herbert, W. J. Henderson, Wm. F. Muenster, Gus Edwards, Major John Burke, Jules Hurtig, James Rascover, Otto Weil, Louis Wiley, Antonio Scotti, Jerome Siegel, Daniel Frohman, A. Toxen Worm, Alexander Lambert, Wells Hawks, George A. Kessler, Marco Sammarco, A. Perello de Seguro, Senator Fawcett, R. H. Burnside, De Wolf Hopper, Manuel Kline, Arthur Voegtlin, Florencio Constantino, Signor Daddi, Jackson Gouraud, Hon. J. A. Blanchard, Hon. Charles A. Guy, Lieut. Com. W. S. Crosley, U. S. N., Commander Harry George, U. S. N., Gustav Amberg, Marcus R. Mayer, Henry W. Savage, David Graham Phillips, Fred Belasco, Inspector Richard Walsh, Dr. Philip M. Grausman, Dr. Herman Hanbold, Dr. J. M. Amey, Oscar Saenger, Louis de Voc, Geo. B. Van Cleve, W. T. Jefferson, A. D. Lasker, Lieut. Col. Richard, James Forbes, Channing Pollock, Mitchell Kennerly, Hon. John B. Stanchfield, Hon. Peter Schmuck, Percy G. Williams, Wm. Hammerstein, Arthur Hammerstein, Marshall P. Wilder and others

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originality and splendid color is one that has been christened "The Flame Gown," and truly a most descriptive name. This is of fine black net strewn with black paillettes, long lines of which extend up to the high-waisted bodice. The lower edge of the skirt is heavily encrusted with flame-colored paillettes which ascend to a region about the knees in slender, curved designs that admirably simulate actual flames. One can almost see these figures increasing in brilliancy and height with every movement of the wearer. The upper portion of the low-cut corsage is also encircled with these flame-colored spangles.

In more somber colors is the "Melisande Gown," as her sister calls it. This is a new transparent silk material somewhat on the order of a grenadine, into which are woven small beads. The material and the beads both show a wonderful combination of black and dull electric blue. The mournful effect is lightened by the glitter of the many tiny beads with which the surface is strewn.

Decidedly gorgeous in color and perhaps too bizarre for many tastes is the "Bird Gown," which is one solid mass of spangles. The majority of these are in deep mother-of-pearl colors that border on the yellow, yet not that either, for there is more of the apricot tinge in them. These are lightest in the uppermost portion of the gown and deepen somewhat around the bottom. Large birds fully twelve inches long are in full flight across the skirt, and this is not all, for these birds are of the most brilliant tropical plumage, red and green being the colors that are specially prominent. One can quite imagine the sensation that gown will create when it makes its public appearance.

All of Miss Garden's gowns are made without skirt linings, and the hems of many are weighted with small leads in order to enhance the graceful folds of the material when the wearer is in motion. The waists have fitted and boned silk linings, generally white. Day gowns have the full length tight-fitting sleeve, while the evening gowns are made with shoulder straps, or with thin, smooth-fitting half-sleeves. Besides the beaded and spangled nets the materials used are rich beautiful satins for both day and evening gowns, and velvets and soft supple cloths for day gowns only.

Petticoats and all other unnecessary undergarments are eliminated from Miss Garden's wardrobe, the chief articles of underwear being tights of Italian silk and the perfectly fitting corset. This latter has the attached hose supporters, and, while it is boned, that is accomplished in so perfect a manner as to give the wearer the utmost ease and grace of movement. She bends and sways in it whichever way the impulse of the moment moves her. Indeed, so free and easy are her movements that one might be readily led to suppose that she regarded the corset as superfluous.

There are some actresses in the plays of the season who could do no better than have Redfern make corsets for them, if all his styles are as perfect as those he makes for Miss Garden. There is no line, top or bottom, that shows beneath the thinnest of the clinging satin gowns, and, unfortunately, that much cannot be said for some of our most prominent actresses. It is an exception to find an actress whose corset does not show the lower edge either in the back or over the hips. Julie Opp is one of the exceptions, and she moves with much the same ease as does Miss Garden. One woman who is almost as much of a society as she is a stage fa-

vorite is at present wearing a corset the top line of which obtrudes itself upon the public notice. The woman who is inclined to more avoirdupois than is consistent with the fashionable figure thinks to attain the desired slenderness by ordering a corset a size or so too small for her. Then she proceeds to lace and squeeze herself into it with the best intentions, but with the most disastrous results.

For the superfluous flesh must go somewhere, and in nine cases out of ten a roll of fat becomes visible at the lower edge of the corset. But let us return to gowns.

For day wear Miss Garden shows a fondness for the new shades of brown, the wood and the camel and the russet browns. They certainly are adapted to show to the utmost advantage her beauty of coloring, the red gold hair, the rosy complexion, and even the bright blue eyes under their dark brows and lashes. In these day gowns one notes the tendency to the Greek styles, though modified in such manner as to be admirably suited for general purposes.

One gown of wood brown camelshair has a yoke of filet net richly embroidered in old tapestry colors, in which red and blue predominate. The camelshair is draped over this yoke on the right shoulder, and then slopes down under the left arm. There is a big gold buckle which holds the scant drapery in place on the left hip, and where the gown fastens in the back the opening is concealed by a band of Alaska sable that runs from the center back to the end of the short train, and looks like a huge, sinuous snake. The same fur edges the long sleeves which come well over the hand. This is a very simple but elegant costume and is completed by a long coat of the same material which is also trimmed with fur. Another brown gown has more golden hues in it. This is of velvet with the tunic drapery

edged with a knotted silk fringe fully half a yard deep.

One fur coat is made of chinchilla, and

reaches almost to the floor. The skirt portion is quite scanty, and slit up at either side almost to the waistline, thus making three long tabs. There is a huge buckle in the center back, from which extends a certain fullness that produces a cape effect. In front the garment is quite plain and smooth-fitting. Needless to add, the stripes are beautifully manipulated in this fur coat.

"I have told no one about my Salome costume. It is to be a surprise. Still I will give you a little idea of it," said Miss Garden when questioned on the subject. "The outer dress is of gold net richly embroidered with jewels; indeed, it might be said that it is all jewels, since so little of the net shows. It fastens on the right shoulder and on the left hip, so that it is easily removed for the dance, and quite as quickly replaced afterwards. This is done by the attendants in full view of the audience, for I finish the opera in it, so I must have something that is quickly arranged. So much talk is made here of the dance; now in Paris that is regarded as a mere incident, a necessary one, for it is that on which the opera hinges. It seems to me from what the papers say that every one here expects to be shocked by the dance. Perhaps they will be disappointed at not being shocked. My conception of what Strauss intended to portray in this dance differs from that of other Salome dancers.



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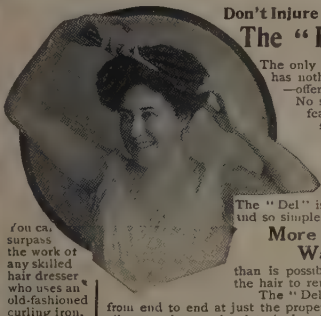
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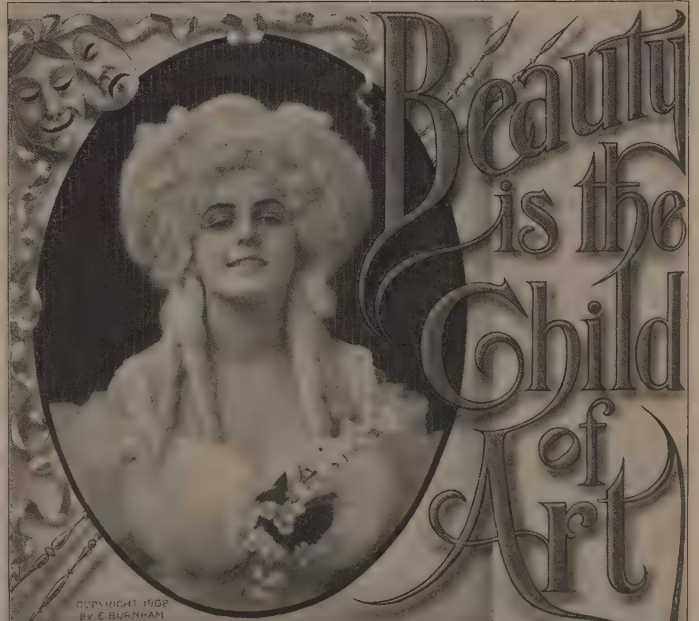
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Photo Marceau

MISS JULIE OPP'S GRECIAN COIFFURE

cented the covering by the gold band that borders the skirt."

The gowns now being exhibited upon the stage are generally confirmation of styles that were promulgated in Paris during the early fall. Some are more extreme than others, just as some are much better cut and much more beautiful than others. That actress is still the exception who thoroughly comprehends the value of correct costuming, or perhaps, one might say, who realizes her comprehension of the subject.

Julie Opp's gowns in "The World and His Wife" are of the new season, and harmonize well with the character portrayed. It must be confessed that the interest in the character is so great that to criticise the gowns one must detach one's self from the play. These gowns were among the last designed for the stage by the late Mrs. Osborn. A further interest attaches to the fact that Miss Opp was the actress who gave Mrs. Osborn her first opportunity to design stage gowns. This was before Mrs. Osborn became the head of a dressmaking establishment, and Miss Opp felt that if she proved to have sufficient knowledge of the subject it would be an immense relief to leave the task in competent hands.

While the interest in these gowns is entirely subordinated to that of the play, they are worthy of consideration. The first is a gown of the Grecian style adapted to modern requirements. The model is an excellent one, and the tinsel embroidery worked out in gold and silver threads is noteworthy because of the unusualness of its design. The gown is of white satin with a short tunic of embroidered chiffon. The short sleeves are tight-fitting and trimmed with narrow tinsel bands in true Grecian style.

A modification of this gown was seen at a reception the other day, made of dull green satin with the embroidered tunic in chiffon of the same shade. The bodice differed somewhat from that of Miss Opp's, being draped in surplice effect with a chemisette or vest of écreu tinted lace. The upper arm was covered with a tight sleeve of the satin, over which was a rather dull angel drapery of chiffon, while the lower arm was concealed by a deep tight-fitting cuff of lace.

The only other gown Miss Opp wears in this play is of broadcloth in the new blonde shade, a color we shall see much more of during the spring season. With it is worn a dark hat, probably black, and black fox stole and muff. This is a one-piece gown, but so ornamented as to give the impression of a coat and skirt. It is of the Directoire type, with high-waisted skirt, and a simulated bolero jacket in front with long postillion ends worked in soutache braid embroidery. A novel touch is the outlining of these coat-tails with a moderately wide fold of black satin, which served to accent the long line in the back, and thus give greater slenderness to the wearer.

Annie Russell's gowns in "The Stronger Sex" are altogether desirable. That they are fashionable, elegant and refined styles will be thoroughly understood when it is known that they are made by Louise & Co., who have long enjoyed an enviable reputation as milliners to the smart set. The bridal gown of the first act is simple, as are those of all well-dressed brides. It depends for much of its beauty upon the rich quality of the satin employed in its construction.

As all Miss Russell's gowns are supposed to be worn in the

"Oh, yes, the dancing costume. That is of chiffon and barely ankle length. There are no breast plates, no ornaments of any kind unless the band of gold around the bottom can be so called. The color is a delicate pink or flesh color, because, you know, Salome is supposed to be entirely without clothing when she dances. But that would be too much realism, wouldn't it? So I have produced the effect with the flesh-colored chiffon, and ac-

daytime, the sleeves are long, the lower portion being generally of some transparent material such as net or lace. The kind of gloves she wears thus becomes of more than usual interest, as it has been a debated question for some time whether the fashionable woman would adopt short gloves or would pull long gloves up over her long sleeves. With the bridal gown Miss Russell wears eight-button length white gloves, so that they are pulled up a trifle over the thin sleeves. When she is ready to go motor-ing she carries one-clasp glacé kid gloves of a matching shade to the gown. If women generally adopt this style they will certainly save a considerable amount of money, when one remembers the difference in price of eight- and twenty-button length gloves.

The smart little tailored suit of heliotrope broadcloth, which is Miss Russell's going away gown, is distinctly of the new season, and very much like those that a thousand and one New York women are now wearing for their daily promenade upon the avenue. The skirt is sufficiently short for one to see the heliotrope pumps and stockings, and is of the circular gored variety. The coat is easy-fitting and reaches several inches below the knees, its only trimming being big buttons of the same material. The skirts of the coat are narrow, with deep slits at the sides, the corners being rounded. With this is worn a dark green velvet shirred hat of moderate dimensions with brim rolled up slightly at the left side.

The afternoon gown of the second act is a copy of the Caillot model known as the "Baccarat Gown." It is made of one of the new soft, pliable satins in a most artistic shade of green gold. It is ornamented with a conventional design in heavy silk hand embroidery. The plain and rather short tunic front extends into a full and decidedly novel drapery in the back. The bodice has a draped surplice front, and the almost tight-fitting sleeves are cut in one with this front drapery. White lace is used for the forearm covering and for the guimpe, the latter being trimmed with narrow lines of black velvet ribbon. The pointed opening of this guimpe is filled in by a plain tucker of black net with a wide black plaiting at the top and bottom of the high collar.



Photo Marceau

GOWNS WORN IN "THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE"  
Miss Opp's Greek gown is of white satin with chiffon tunic





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The automobile coat worn with this costume is of the same odd green gold shade. This is a somewhat loose affair, which is draped over mole-colored satin, the front and back of the broadcloth being cut away to reveal great stretches of the satin. This is one of the most successful coat models of the season. It is being worn by a number of prominent society women as an evening wrap, being for that purpose developed in satin of two colors. Combinations for the evening wrap are rich dull purple and mole, and Chinese yellow with mole or in one instance purple. The tricorne hat worn by Miss Russell with this motor coat is mole-colored

ends at one side of the front in a big bow with long loops and ends. This is a strong reminder of the frivolous lingerie petticoats that are so often decorated with ribbon-run beading and ribbon bows. Several débutantes have already had this gown copied.

In "Mlle. Mischief" Lulu Glaser has less opportunity than usual for the display of fine dresses. In the first act she wears a short black and white costume with hat to match that is not only unbecoming but too artificial for the romp she is supposed to be. She is very cute in the well-cut brown tweed suit, when she dresses in man's attire, and with this she wears one of those soft green



MISS RUSSELL'S GOWNS IN "THE STRONGER SEX"

The ribbon trimmed lingerie gown is a splendid model for young girls. The motor coat and satin costume are an odd shade of green-gold. Made by Louise

shaggy beaver with a band of fur around the crown, and at the left side a dull gold ornament with pendant drops.

The dainty white lingerie gown of the last act might well be used as the model for a dancing frock or for a summer costume. For now that the shops are full of the new wash fabrics, it is none too early for women to take thought for the summer wardrobe. This gown is trimmed with wide bands of beautiful old Italian lace, for which some of the lovely new designs in openwork embroidery could well be substituted. There is only one fault to be found with this gown, and that is its length, which is neither long nor short, but just lies a bit on the ground all around. As the skirt is not over-wide, the result is that the back view is not always artistic as Miss Russell moves about. Most women will prefer a short skirt for such a gown, not only because it is more graceful, but also because it will keep clean so much longer.

This white gown is made up over a delicate shade of pink silk that through the thin material is merely a dainty blush. The ribbon\* trimming is a dull shade of blue. This is used for the girdle, which terminates in a huge rosette at the normal waistline in the back. The most novel use of this ribbon is in the band which encircles the underskirt just above the knees, and which

felt hats which on most men are so atrocious, but on her curly red wig is very attractive.

The last act gown is a handsome affair of delicate pink satin cut on Greek lines, which make her appear taller and more slender than she really is. Unfortunately, for the few moments she appears in this gown, she keeps a white scarf thrown about her shoulders, which does not add anything to the attractiveness of the picture. The hat with this gown is much prettier, as well as more becoming, than the odd black and white hat of the first act. It is quite a large hat of cloth-of-gold, trimmed with metal flowers in several shades of gold and brown. The huge diamond ornament that is hung about her neck is a most dazzling affair.

A musical show in which there are plenty of good, though not exactly new, ideas is "The Boys and Betty." There is nothing extreme, but the styles are such as are being worn by the majority of women at the present time, and the colors are in the main beautiful pastel tints. The gowns worn by the chorus in the second act are of broadcloth or satin in these delicate tints. The distinctly new fashion idea in this play is the silk evening hood worn by an attractive group of chorus girls. While similar goods have been shown by the leading milliners since the beginning of the season, it is their first appearance on the stage.

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Francisque Sarcey, in *Le Figaro*, said:

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## New Dramatic Books

HENRIK IBSEN—THE MAN AND HIS PLAYS.  
by Montrose J. Moses. New York: Mitchell  
Kennerley.

This book is an earnest addition to the Ibsen literature. The influence of Ibsen upon the drama and upon the thought of the world is not to be denied, and while his plays may not endure, in any sense of popularity, in representation upon the stage, they will always remain historic, as marking a turning point in the uses of the drama and the attitude of the stage toward the public. They will always be studied, and elucidation of them will never end, for some of them baffle, in some aspect or other, all understanding. Ibsen may be profitably studied from many points of view. One may care little for his philosophy and symbolism, although he may respect the rugged spiritual intent and power of the man, and be fascinated by his technical skill; consequently, it is not likely that he will fall into neglect. He did not write merely for entertainment; consequently, he will not be read merely for entertainment. This book, then, is more for the student than the general reader. It is based upon all available information about Ibsen, and Mr. Moses gives a complete bibliography of every important book or article concerning Ibsen and his plays. This fullness of reference is of great value to every student, for it saves infinite research. The history of the man and of the plays is followed minutely, and each play is philosophically analyzed. We have no disposition to take issue with Mr. Moses as to his interpretation of some of the notable plays which have aroused much discussion, for, as before said, he writes with fairness and without undue prepossession.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF WILLIAM B. YEATS.  
In two volumes. The Macmillan Company, New  
York and London. \$1.75 net, a volume.

The second volume contains: *The Countess Cathleen*, *The Land of Heart's Desire*, *The Shadow Waters*, *On Baile's Strand*, *The King's Threshold* and *Deidre*. The appendix contains some discussion and elucidation by the author. It has been demonstrated that these plays can have no wide popularity with the public, but they belong to a movement in Irish literature and history and will receive the attention of the student and of those who sympathize with the high purposes, poetic and otherwise, of Mr. Yeats. In his preface Mr. Yeats makes the naïve confession that the first two plays in the book were written before he had any adequate knowledge of the stage, "but all were written to be played." To the technical student of the drama, in view of this statement, these two plays will be of fascinating interest.

## Books Received

"The Life of Henry Irving." By Austin Brereton. Illustrated. New York and London: Longmans, Green & Company. 380 pp. 2 vols.

"John the Baptist." A play by Hermann Sudermann. Translated by Beatrice Marshall. New York and London: John Lane Company. 201 pp. Cloth. Price, \$1.50.

"The Psychology of Singing." By David C. Taylor. New York: The Macmillan Company. 368 pp. Cloth. \$1.50.

"Aspects of Modern Opera." By Lawrence Gilman. New York and London: John Lane Company. 215 pp. Cloth. \$1.25.

"Chapters of Opera." By Henry Edward Krehbiel. Illustrated. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 435 pp.

"History of the Boston Theatre." By Eugene Tompkins. Illustrated. New York and Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company.

An actor of the name of Hind was remarkable for his presence of mind and fertility in expedients. One evening, while playing in some forgotten melodrama, he extricated himself, with honor, from an awkward difficulty. He represented the hero of the piece, a hardened brigand, caught at last, and awaiting his doom in a sombre cell. One of his accomplices had contrived to convey to him a rope, ladder and a file. His business was to file through the bars of his prison window, and attempt his escape through the opening. At the moment when he was getting out of the window, three soldiers had to rush on the stage, fire at him and shoot him dead. Hind duly went through his part; but at the critical moment, instead of the expected fatal termination, the guns missed fire. The soldiers retreated in disorder, and immediately returned with fresh muskets, which, not being loaded, merely flashed in the pan. Hind's position was becoming unpleasant. Suddenly he fell upon the stage, uttering fearful cries, dragged himself to the footlights in apparent agony, and exclaimed, "Merciful Heaven! I have swallowed the file!" Then, after well-performed convulsions and another loud groan, he fell down—dead.